



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Brief Memoirs
OF
REMARKABLE CHILDREN,

WHOSE LEARNING OR WHOSE PIETY

Is worthy the imitation of those

Little Boys and Girls

WHO DESIRE TO IMPROVE THEIR MINDS,
TO INCREASE IN WISDOM,

AND TO

GROW IN FAITH WITH GOD AND MAN.

COLLECTED BY

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES NISBET,

21, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET;

(From Castle Street.)

Sold also by Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Hamilton, Digby and Co.;
H. and W. R. Whittaker; Hayford and Son; Seeley & Son; Dwyer;
Staplin and Marshall; Weesey; Whittaker; and Knight and Lacey;
W. Tringhot; Waugh and Jones; Wren and Co., Edinburgh;
R. Ogilvie; and Chalmers and Collins, Glasgow.

1825.

2.1065.

f. 9





Brief Memoirs
OF
REMARKABLE CHILDREN,

WHOSE LEARNING OR WHOSE PIETY

Is worthy the Imitation of those

Little Boys and Girls

WHO DESIRE TO IMPROVE THEIR MINDS,
TO INCREASE IN WISDOM,

AND TO

GROW IN FAVOUR WITH GOD AND MAN.

COLLECTED BY

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

~~~~~  
VOL. II.

---

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES NISBET,

21, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET;

(From Castle Street:)

And also by Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Hamilton; Ogle and Co.  
G. and W. B. Whittaker; Hatchard and Son; Seeley & Son; Baynes;  
Stimpkin and Marshall; Westley; Whittemore; and Knight and Lacey;  
W. Oliphant, Waugh and Innes; and Whyte and Co. Edinburgh:  
M. Ogle; and Chalmers and Collins, Glasgow.

1823.



## Contents.

---

|                                                           | Page |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Samuel, the Prophet of the Lord in his Youth . . .</i> | 1    |
| <i>Cyril, of Cappadocia . . . . .</i>                     | 48   |
| <i>The Children of Merindoll . . . . .</i>                | 51   |
| <i>Elizabeth, The Princess . . . . .</i>                  | 55   |
| <i>Lady Jane Grey . . . . .</i>                           | 74   |
| <i>Catherine B. . . . .</i>                               | 102  |
| <i>Mary Sophia Pond . . . . .</i>                         | 122  |
| <i>Anna Maria Pond . . . . .</i>                          | 140  |
| <i>Account of a little Child, aged four Years . . .</i>   | 144  |
| <i>Memoir of Jane Dyer . . . . .</i>                      | 153  |
| <i>Samuel Fay, of Little Bartholomew Close, London</i>    | 166  |

### POETRY.

|                                                   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Lines by a Mother . . . . .</i>                | 182 |
| <i>Epitaph on Frederick Augustus Wilmot . . .</i> | 184 |





## BRIEF MEMOIRS, &c.

---

SAMUEL,

THE PROPHET OF THE LORD, IN HIS YOUTH.

---

**F**EW characters were ever more distinguished than this eminent person. He was remarkably holy and favoured of God. His youth gave promise of his future attainments. It is very delightful to trace the first dawns of piety, and to see a little child living under the fear of God, and through grace beginning to serve him as soon as reason begins to open. The greatest men the Bible tells us of were good and pious children. This was particularly so with little Samuel. His family was one of the most honourable in Judea. His father's name was Elkanah, who belonged to the tribe of Levi, which was peculiarly appointed to minister before God in holy things. They were very highly favoured, for though God gave them no inheritance in the

land of Judea, as he did unto their brethren of the other tribes, he gave them a far nobler inheritance, he gave them a portion in himself, and ordained that they should live of the altar, on the offerings which were brought by the people for himself. Elkanah belonged to the most honourable family of this tribe, the family of the Koathites. This family was afterwards appointed by David to minister before the dwelling place of the tabernacle, and were set over the service of song in the house of the Lord.

Before we go on to speak of little Samuel himself, it may be proper to mention the piety of his parents. They had learned to ask of God for every needful and desirable blessing in prayer, and we find, that even this their son was given to them in answer to prayer. He was the child of prayer. His mother Hannah, desired much to have a son, whom she might devote to God from his youth. Yea, her heart was filled with grief, and she wept, and did not eat, because no son was given her ; and good Elkanah, her husband, said unto " Hannah, why weepest thou ? and why eatest thou not ? and why is thy heart grieved ? am not I better to thee than ten sons ? " He thus tried to console her. But her soul was

full of trouble, and her unkind enemy sought to increase her unhappiness. But out of love to her husband, she raised up her head for a little while, and partook of some refreshment. She then went to pour out her sorrows before the Lord, "and she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore. And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of Hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid ; and wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head." This prayer was a pattern of true devotion. It was offered up after she had united with her family in feeding on the peace-offerings, which they had presented in sacrifice unto God. It was no doubt a prayer of faith. It had reference to that sacrifice, or rather to the atoning sacrifice of which it was a type, expecting thus to obtain an answer of peace from God. There was much earnestness in it ; it came from her heart, for *she wept sore*. It is very well when affliction brings us to our knees. Her grief quickened, and excited her pious affections in prayer. The bitterness and anguish of her heart added warmth and energy to her petitions.

It was thus also with the blessed Saviour, who being *in an agony, prayed more earnestly*. May our sorrows always thus be sanctified to us. She was very modest in her petitions. She asked not for many sons, or for many children. She asked only for one son, and she asked for that son only, that he might be the Lord's. She sought not to be heard of men, or to be noticed as she prayed. *She spake to God in her heart*, and though the vehemence of her desires led her to move unconsciously her lips, she uttered no words with her mouth. Humble in soul, she desired not to make a fair show in the flesh. She called on the Lord by a most forcible and unusual name, *O Lord of Hosts*. This is the first time in which we are informed in Scripture, that this glorious title was applied to God. Jehovah Sabaoth, or Lord of Hosts, is a most encouraging and delightful name of the Almighty. It teaches us, that we need not fear what men may do against us, or what the wrath and malice of the evil one may devise for our hurt, if God be for us. He has power over all Hosts—over all armies. He sends forth his holy angels, yea, all the hosts of heaven, to protect those that love him; and not all the hosts of darkness, with

all the hosts of wicked men combined, can injure one hair of our heads, if we trust in him. The former are the messengers of his mercy; the latter are the messengers of his vengeance. Hannah knew this, and though, through the infirmity of the flesh, her soul was depressed by the cruel treatment she received from Pininah, she looked for succour and for comfort unto God; she was not disappointed—she was heard, in that she feared. He who createth all hosts, answered her petition; but she was first put to a sore trial. Eli, the High Priest of God, took her for a wicked woman, and thought she was drunk. He sat by the pillars, at the gate of the court of the tabernacle, to give advice to the people, to instruct them, and to judge all causes that were brought before him. “And it came to pass, as she continued praying before the Lord, that Eli marked her mouth. Now, Hannah, she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken. And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee. And Hannah answered, and said, No, my Lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong

drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord. Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial; for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I spoken hitherto." Although this severe and ungrounded censure, so hastily passed upon her, added much to the pain of her mind, she took it without giving way to any angry or improper feelings; she retorted not on the aged priest, neither did she upbraid him with the improper conduct of his own children. She thought it enough to vindicate herself, and to deny the false charge which was brought against her. At the same time, she preserves the greatest respect for the old man; she calls him *my Lord*, and begins by accounting for the impression which had been made in his mind respecting her. She intimates, that she was not surprized at his mistaking her situation, for though she was not inflamed with wine, she was inflamed with sorrow; that though her eyes were not red with drinking, they were red with weeping; and that though she was not talking to herself, as fools and drunkards do, she was nevertheless pouring out her heart to God, without giving any distinct utterance to her words. She was more than usually urgent in prayer,

and this was the true cause of her seeming disorder. She therefore besought him not to esteem her a daughter of Belial, a disobedient drunken woman, who would not submit to the yoke of God's laws. Then Eli, rejoicing to find that he was mistaken, and being fully convinced of his error, made every amends for his unintentional affront, by pronouncing upon her a beautiful and impressive benediction. He "answered, and said, Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petitions, that thou hast asked of him." It was his office as High Priest, to bless the people in the name of the Lord, and he now calls down peace into her bosom from God, and adds his own prayer to her's, that God would be graciously pleased to bestow on her her heart's desire; not entertaining a doubt, that whatever prayer she had thus made, was such as it was proper for her to present at a throne of grace. Thus did she receive as much comfort, as she had before experienced pain. "She said unto him, Let thine handmaid find grace in thy sight," continue your good opinion of me, and remember me still further in your prayers. "So the woman went her way, and did eat;" partook of the remainder of



the peace-offerings, "and her countenance was no more sad." Cheerfulness succeeded to her past gloom, and her soul was relieved, for she had committed herself and her cares unto God. The High Priest had given her consolation, and if their united prayers were not answered in the way which she desired, she believed that God would make up for the want of the desired good in some other way.

When Hannah, pressed with grief,  
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer,  
She quickly found relief,  
And left her burden there ;  
Like her, in every trying case,  
Let us approach the throne of grace.

When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pierc'd, and sad ;  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad :  
In trouble, what a resting place  
Have they who know the throne of grace.

Though men and devils rage,  
And threaten to devour,  
The saints, from age to age,  
Are safe from all his power ;  
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace.

Eli her case mistook ;  
How was her spirit mov'd  
By his unkind rebuke !  
But God her cause approv'd :  
We need not fear a creature's face,  
While welcome at a throne of grace.

She was not fill'd with wine,  
As Eli rashly thought ;  
But with a faith divine,  
And found the faith she sought ;  
Though men despise and call us base,  
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

Men have not power or skill  
With troubled souls to bear ;  
Though they express good will,  
Poor comforters they are !  
But swelling sorrows sink apace,  
When we approach a throne of grace.

Numbers before have tried,  
And found the promise true ;  
Not one was e'er denied,  
Then why should I or you ?  
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,  
And hasten to the throne of grace.

As fogs obscure the light,  
And taint the morning air,  
But soon are put to flight,  
If the bright sun appear ;  
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,  
By shining from the throne of grace.

Every day that they remained in Shiloh they

attended the temple. They employed their time profitably and to the best advantage. Even the morning of their departure they rose up "early and worshipped before the Lord." Then, and not till then, they "returned, and came to Ramah," where they lived. Now it was that God at length shewed her his love, and replied to her humble supplications. Though he appear to forget, yet in his own good time he will prove his remembrance of his people. "She bare a son, and called his name Samuel; saying, because I have asked him of the Lord." The word Samuel signifies one who was asked before God, in the sight of God, before the ark of God. This was a most suitable name for a child so peculiarly granted and dedicated, even before his birth, to God. It was an acknowledgment of Hannah's, that he was given to her most graciously by the God of mercy; that he was given in answer to believing prayer; prayer made before the ark, with reference to the sacrifices offered there, and to the all-important doctrines of atonement and intercession. Her son's name thus became a most expressive memorial of the wonderful goodness she had experienced from the Most High; and it was calculated to maintain in her breast a constant

recollection of the obligations under which she was placed to surrender him unreservedly unto God. It served likewise, and might have been intended, to teach the child himself the peculiar circumstances which attended his birth, and may thus have most powerfully tended to secure his willing concurrence to the fulfilment of his mother's vow.

“And the man Elkanah and all his house went up to offer unto the Lord the yearly sacrifice,” probably at the passover, “and his vow;” some particular vow, which he had made since he had been last there, perhaps a thanksgiving for the birth of his son. It was usual at the great yearly festivals, the Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, to perform the vows which had been previously made at home. Hannah however found it impossible to go up with him, much as she loved, and ardently as she longed for the courts of the Lord's house. The law indeed did not require the attendance of women at the great feasts, and those only who were able and anxious to be present went thither, as had formerly been the practice with her. “She said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear

before the Lord, and abide there for ever." A journey then might have been injurious both to herself and to the child. Had she gone, she could not have attended both to the child and to the sacrifices. *Can a woman forget her sucking child?* She could not, and she well knew that God requires mercy and not sacrifice. How very gracious it is of the Lord to inform his church that his love towards it is greater even than that of a woman for her tender infant, that depends upon her breast for support. She may be barbarous enough to forget her baby, but God will not forget his people; he will ever support and protect them. Hannah besides desired, that when she brought up her child it should be to perform her vow respecting him, which she could not do till he was weaned. Elkanah, her husband, submitted the matter entirely to her judgment, believing that as no commandment would be broken by her staying at home, she might be the best able to decide. He "said unto her, Do what seemeth thee good; tarry until thou have weaned him; only the Lord establish his word," preserve the child through infancy, and give him strength and vigour, that thus the vow of which he signified his acceptance, as well by the inspired voice of

the high-priest, as by the actual gift of the child, may be fulfilled. "So the woman abode, and gave her son suck, until she weaned him." At what time he was weaned is not certain. There were three periods of weaning children; one from their mother's milk, when three years old; the second from the care of a dry nurse and from their tender age, at seven years old; and the third from childish manners, at twelve years old. It rather appears, that it was at the first of these periods Samuel was weaned, and then she took him up with her, together with certain offerings, "and brought him unto the house of the Lord in Shiloh," to be left and trained up there amongst the children of the priests. Notwithstanding her vow, it must have been a great trial to his mother to have parted with so fine and promising a child, for she now parted with him entirely. At forty days old he was no doubt presented before the Lord, according to the law of the first-born, and redeemed with the appointed sacrifices; but now he was presented without redemption—he was to continue for ever in the tabernacle, and the parents were not to receive him back again, notwithstanding any offerings they might make in his room. He was given wholly unto God.

*And the child was young*, yet he had so superior a mind, and had an understanding that so much surpassed his years, there was no objection to his being received into the tabernacle through any fear of his becoming troublesome, or interrupting the services of God's house. The youngest children should learn to behave well, with all attention and quietness, when they are allowed to have the great privilege of going to church. Samuel went to live continually in God's house. His whole life, from the first dawn of reason, was to be spent in the service of the Lord. He was not too young to become religious. No one can be too young to become so. Childhood is the proper age for learning, and it is therefore the most proper time for learning that which is the most important of all, divine wisdom. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and a good understanding have all they that seek thereafter. With all our learning, the knowledge of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of young or old sinners, must not be forgotten. With all our getting we must get understanding. Childhood is the right season to enquire after these things. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Little boys and girls, remember your Creator in the

days of your youth. The Bible tells you to do so. It is such as you that God delights to teach by his Holy Spirit. "For whom," says the Prophet Isaiah, "shall he teach knowledge, but them that are newly weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts?"

Young, however, as was little Samuel, he required to have a sacrifice offered for him; and great an offering as Hannah was presenting unto God, she was so far from thinking that she deserved any thing from him, that she thought it necessary to bring with her three bullocks to be sacrificed, in order that her living sacrifice, even her most interesting child, might meet with the divine acceptance. She took with her "three bullocks, and one ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine." A meat offering was thus provided for each bullock. The three bullocks might have corresponded with the three years of the child's life; or they may have been intended for the three modes of sacrifice; for a *burnt offering*, a *sin offering*, and a *peace offering*. A *burnt offering* was all burned upon the altar, except the skin, to shew that we deserve to be consumed for our transgressions. The *sin offering* was only partly burned; a part was kept as food for the priests,



but the persons who brought it placed their hands upon the head of the beast, confessed their sins with the greatest solemnity, and acknowledged that they deserved to die for their transgressions in the same way with the animal, which was slain by the priest, and its blood poured out and sprinkled on and before the altar. The *peace offerings* were slain in the same manner with the sin offerings, but the parts which were burned, were first placed in the hands of the offerer, who waved them before the Lord, as a thanksgiving to him from whom all blessings flow, for the gifts which he had bestowed, and for his great compassion in not visiting them with his sore judgments. These peace offerings were purely voluntary, and were made when any particular cause of gratitude arose. Such parts as were not burned, were divided between the priest and the offerer, who partook of it, to show that he only became entitled to his life and food, by virtue of the atonement made for sin. Such seem to have been the offerings of Hannah, when she brought Samuel to the temple. She knew that sin deserved to be punished even in the youngest; she knew that all our good works put together can never make God our debtor, or oblige him to reward us, as they have

all the nature of sin; and as our other acts and our evil thoughts are in themselves so base, they could never be overlooked by a just God; and she knew also that even our choicest vows, our best deeds, and our warmest praises, require to be atoned for (so great is their deficiency) before God can either accept of them or us. Little children, if good little Samuel had need of pardon, and required to have his sins blotted out with blood, be sure that it is quite necessary for your forgiveness with God, that your hearts, even yours, should be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. His death is the great and all-availing sacrifice for sin. It was most perfect. He put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and it is therefore not necessary to bring any other sacrifice unto God for your sins. Bullocks, and lambs, and goats, when slain thus, were only intended to shew forth his death till he came, and died for poor sinners, that they might not suffer, but have everlasting life. It only requires now that you should believe in his name; that you should say, Lord pardon me, a poor little child, for the sake of Christ's blood, which he shed for me so many years ago; that you should trust in his death, and rely on him as

your sin offering, in order that your sins may be forgiven you even now.

This account of Hannah teaches us that we should enter into no covenant or engagement with God without sacrifice, without the great sacrifice, without looking to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, as our Redeemer and our strength. But Hannah, at the same time that she made these sacrifices, acknowledged God's great goodness to her in hearing her prayers. She said to Eli, who knew how she prayed for a son, and who joined his prayers to her's—"for this child I prayed."—You remember what a sorrowful woe-worn creature I was when I was last at Shiloh. You see how much altered I am now. I am full of joy and gratitude. God heard my prayers, which I offered to him here, when I stood before you weeping, as you sat on yonder seat, and I now resign, solemnly resign him again unto God, in the same place, according to the vow I then made. Here, take him, and train him up for God and for heaven. He is a living testimony that God hears and answers prayer. Hold him up to the nation as such, that he prove an encouragement to them to wait upon the Lord. Humbly would I triumph in

what God has done for me. "The Lord has given me my petition." It would be most base in me, now I have experienced his favour, to withhold from him my vow. I thus heartily and publicly surrender him unto God. "I have lent him unto the Lord as long as he liveth." She delivered him up, not for a few days or years, not for any limited time, but for his whole life. He was first lent to her, and she now returns him to God. His being *lent* does not imply that he was to be restored to her at any future time, or that she had any intention of taking him away from the tabernacle. The meaning of her words appears more plainly in the Hebrew. She asked him of God, and therefore she lent him. *Asked* and *lent* are only different forms of the same Hebrew verb, and mean that what was given in reply to her prayer, was now given back according to her promise in prayer. Hence the word Samuel may not only signify *asked of God*, but also *lent to God*. Whatever we may be led, through grace, to offer unto God, and to dedicate to him, must first have been given to us. Of his own we give him, and may thus be said to lend it to him; and though we may not recal it, as a thing lent, he will restore to us four-fold into our

bosoms. He is not unjust to forget our service of love, but is graciously pleased to make up to us, if not in worldly, yet in spiritual things, for whatever is given to him in an humble, believing, loving spirit.

The conduct of Samuel himself was worthy of imitation. Young as he was at this period, he appears to have made no opposition to his mother's will. Some children fret and cry, and get themselves into a passion, when their mother, or their friends, leave them with strangers. But he knew better. He was taught to submit his own wishes, and to give himself up entirely, to the direction of his wise and affectionate parent. She knew far better than he did, what was good for him. Although he was taught so well at home, yet it was much better for him to be where he was. It was decidedly for his good to be placed in the tabernacle, under the immediate care and protection of his heavenly Father, surrounded with the means of grace, and entrusted to the charge of the ministers of God. Children should always yield to their parents' desires, because they cannot know themselves what is best for them. His mother had probably showed him the reasons for her conduct, and he was quite satisfied they

were wise and prudent. Besides, he was early taught to love God and his house, and was of the same opinion, doubtless, with David—one day in thy courts is better than a thousand. All these reasons reconciled him to the grievous separation which was to take place between him and his fond mother. He contentedly entered upon his new situation, and without any murmuring or repining, he at once betook himself to the throne of grace, and went to God to give him comfort, courage, and support. “He worshipped the Lord there.” This was more than might have been expected. Children of three years old are not always able to say their prayers, but he was taught them, no doubt, from the time that he could speak. He was a forward child himself; and as he was designed for the sanctuary, his mother took every pains to prepare him for his work; to give him an early relish for that which was to form his employment through life. Young people ought to be instructed early to serve and worship God by their parents and friends, who may humbly hope that God will look with favour upon them, and teach them far better than they could, by giving them the spirit of grace and supplication. This beautiful circumstance has been

thus described by an anonymous writer in Miller's embellished Extracts. A beautiful little vignette of Samuel praying, is placed over it—

When I survey this holy childe,  
With bended knee and visage mild,  
With eyes and hands uplift in prayer,  
The approving ray from heaven there—

What *that* implies, O could I be,  
Whene'er to God I bend the knee!  
Thus fervent, reverent, and meek,  
When I for heavenly blessings seek!

But ah! I have a foe within;  
No print can show the power of sin!  
This cools my fervour and desires,  
This unbelief and dread inspires.

O for thy holy spirit, Lord!  
This to my prayers shall life afford!  
With Samuel's faith my soul supply,  
Whene'er I to thy throne draw nigh.

Favoured with such a hopeful son, and leaving him behind her under such promising circumstances, it is not surprising that Hannah's soul should have been excited to an extraordinary degree of spiritual elevation. We find her accordingly pour forth the following

#### SONG OF PRAISE.

My heart rejoiceth in the LORD, mine horn is

exalted in the Lord ; my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies ; because I rejoice in thy salvation.

There is none holy as the LORD ; for there is none beside thee ; neither is there any rock like our God.

Talk no more exceeding proudly ; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth : for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed.

The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength.

They that were full have hired out themselves for bread ; and they that were hungry ceased : so that the barren hath borne seven ; and she that hath many children is waxed feeble.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive : he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up.

The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich ; he bringeth low and lifteth up.

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory : for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them.

He will keep the feet of his saints, and the



wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail.

The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall he thunder upon them: the Lord shall judge the ends of the earth; and he shall give strength unto his king, and exalt the horn of his anointed.

It would be foreign to our present purpose to speak more at large of the interesting matters contained in this beautiful thanksgiving. After she had thus piously expressed her feelings, and after she and her husband had made the proper offerings, and worshipped the Lord, they took leave of their dear child; left him with all affectionate commendation to the care of Eli, and went to Ramah to their house. Much as they loved him, and much as they valued God's house, they had a family to attend to, and were obliged to return, and to tear themselves away from these delightful endearments. Samuel being now finally left in the tabernacle, "did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest." This ministry was of the most agreeable and pleasing character. He read daily in the Book of the Law. Those, who know the value of the Scriptures, esteem

this the greatest privilege, and know it to be of more real value than any thing that can be bought with money. A person of spiritual taste and discernment finds the Bible to be sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. It was a part also of his new office to sing with his voice the high praises of God, and to accompany himself on an instrument of music. Nothing is more elevating or captivating than the strains of melody, and when they are employed in the services of religion, they are most animating and delightful. They give a foretaste of eternal joys. It became also his duty to light the lamps in the tabernacle ; to keep them alive with pure oil, and to open and to close the doors. No one should be ashamed to perform the most menial offices, which may promote the service or the glory of God. " I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness." It must have been a most gratifying circumstance to witness the approach of the different worshippers, bringing their various offerings up to the altar ; some oppressed with grief for their sins ; and some rejoicing in their more recent mercies ; all expressing their wants, their sorrows, and their joys, to the God of heaven. To young Sa-

muel it must have been at once instructive and edifying to observe these several persons expressing their trust in Jehovah ; the mourners going away comforted, and those who possessed peace and joy before, returning home stablished, strengthened, and confirmed in the faith. But he was not only an observer, he was likewise an actor in the ministry of the sanctuary. As soon as he was able, he was instructed to assist Eli in presenting the various offerings; in slaying the sacrifices; in sprinkling the blood of the victims; in cleansing the altar; in carrying away the ashes beyond the town; and in all the other duties, which belonged to the priesthood. Of course some time must have passed before he could do all these things: but he did whatever he could, and whatever he was bid. As was his capacity, such were his performances. Whatever he did, he did well. His catechism was learned diligently, and he soon came to understand its true spiritual meaning. He never neglected his devotions, we may rest fully assured. And there was no difficulty, as already noticed, in teaching him to read, or in engaging him to persevere in the study of the Scriptures. Because he did all these things with a pious and willing disposition, he is said not

only to have ministered before Eli, as his assistant, but *before the Lord*, as his true, believing, faithful child, adopted into his holy family. He soon became so expert and active a servant of the sanctuary, that the honourable distinction of wearing a linen ephod, like the priests, was conferred upon him. Common Levites did not wear it, nor even extraordinary persons, except upon extraordinary occasions. But Eli granted him this peculiar favour, because he observed that the grace of God rested upon him in no ordinary manner; and that he was one of whom great things might be expected, inasmuch as his birth was so remarkable, was in answer to prayer, and was connected with a promise that he should be a Nazarite.

His mother shewed her affection for him likewise, and rewarded his good conduct, by making a little coat for him every year, which she brought to him "when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifices." It was a little robe, such as the priests made use of, suitable to his size, and which was worn over his other clothes. She made it for him herself. It is most probable, that it was all of her own spinning and

manufacture, from first to last, from the flax to the finished garment. Women in those days were in the habit of engaging in such works. Her love to her son made the trouble light, and her piety might have made her desirous to lessen the expence to which Eli and the congregation were put for him.

But not only did he thus obtain the favour of men, he obtained that of God likewise. "He grew before the Lord," as a tender plant in his own vineyard, of his own right hand planting. He grew on in age and stature, in grace and goodness, in knowledge and holiness, in wisdom, understanding, and purity. He improved in his ministerial services. He excelled in all virtuous dispositions and actions. God indulged him with peculiar manifestations of his presence, with large and salutary communications of his grace. Jehovah loved to honour him, and the tokens of his regard towards him were numerous and edifying. As Samuel was, himself, pleasing in his sight, and as his services were acceptable to him, his affairs, even of a worldly nature, prospered, and all persons highly honoured and esteemed him. Early religion was no injury to him. It was that, which made him the distinguished per-

son he was. My dear young friends, who read this account, early learn to *minister before the Lord*, like Samuel; and like Samuel, you too shall be blessed. Obey, respect, and attend to your parents, spiritual pastors, and masters, and you shall find it to prove of great and lasting benefit to your souls. Those children who come early to the Saviour to receive his instructions, his blessing, and his care, who thus learn to be virtuous, obedient, and good, become favourites, both with heaven and earth. God loves them; man loves them. They are darlings, every one would be glad to please and to oblige. You remember, how it was said of our Saviour, as well as of Samuel, when he was a little child, that he also *increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man*. My dear young readers, I hope, will remember, that Christ is proposed to them as an example, that they should follow his steps. They ought to look up to God to give them his spirit, that they might be made *wise* unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, and so attend to God's will, that they might not only rejoice in the grace of God, given unto them, but command the esteem and approbation of all those who know them.

At the time when Samuel thus increased in piety, and learned true wisdom from Eli, his own sons rebelled against him, and were very wicked, naughty boys. This was worse in them, when they had such a pious holy father; and when a stranger boy attended so diligently to the advice which they slighted, and improved so wonderfully, by the use of means which they likewise had within their reach. It was much to the honour of Samuel, that he was not corrupted by their bad example, or enticed by them to sin against God. Evil communications corrupt good manners. His manners were, through grace, not corrupted, but none should be led to suppose, from his example, that they may go into bad company and escape the temptation of becoming bad themselves. He did not go into temptation of his own accord. Eli's wicked sons were in the tabernacle with him, and he could not avoid them. It was his office to be there, his duty led him to be with them, and God in great mercy preserved him from the danger he was placed in.

In those days was the word of the Lord very precious. He sent no regular prophet to give counsel and advice to the people, or to

make any fresh discoveries of his will. An occasional messenger might have been sent by him, indeed, to particular persons on extraordinary occasions, but the gift of prophecy rested on no one settled individual, as it did in after times. It was so *rare* a thing for the word of God to come there to a prophet, or to be spoken by him, that those, who knew the value of whatever God said, considered it the more precious, or entertained a higher esteem for it. Whatever is *scarce*, is counted more *precious*. There was then very little of the Bible written, and as there was no prophet, pious persons very anxiously desired to receive further communications from heaven; and accounted those which they had already received very precious. They loved the law of God, and held it very dear to their souls. We seldom know the value of any blessing till it is taken away from us. If the Bible was removed to a distance from us, we might regard it more highly, and be very desirous of regaining it. It is a shame for any, who have so much more copious a revelation of God's will, than the Jews of Eli's time, to hold it in less reverence and affection; or to study it less



frequently and diligently, than they did the small portion of it which they were then favoured with. How eagerly did the poor Christians seek for it, when the copies of it were scarce, and how readily did they part with life, rather than with it, when fierce persecution raged against them! How much more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir, is it now to all, who have precious faith in the Saviour, who live upon the promises, and who prize the gracious truths of the Gospel! As the word of God was so scarce, there was not, as we might expect, any *open vision*. God did not teach any of the people, by means of dreams or visions, such as were afterwards shewn to Isaiah, Daniel, or Ezekiel. There was no broken up vision, none burst forth on the view of the people. We are informed of this matter particularly, in order to prepare us for the facts which must now be related.

It came to pass, at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, having retired to rest, owing to his many infirmities, and the weakness of his sight, for his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see; little Samuel, who had waited upon him to his chamber, to assist him, retired to

his own little bed, in some closet near to Eli; where he might be near to him if he wanted him in the night. This took place early in the evening, as they were probably both fatigued with their day's labour, and as they wished to rise early to engage in the service of God. Samuel might, indeed, have sat up longer reading the word of God, praying to him, or preparing the holy place for the exercises of the succeeding day. We know, however, that he laid down to sleep ere any of the lamps, in the branches of the candlestick, were gone out. The principal lamp was always kept burning, by the command of God, to shew that he never slumbered as the keeper of Israel, and that the influences of his spirit were continually exerted, even in the night season, to promote the good of his true and faithful children. The light of these lamps being near the place where Samuel lay down at night, for the priests slept in the tabernacle, conducted him to bed. How favourable to reflection and to pious thoughts was such a moment! The tumult of the day was over—Eli was at rest—perfect silence prevailed—the golden candlesticks shed abroad their holy light, and shewed plainly, all the important and instructive emblems of the tabernacle.

Samuel had no one to converse with but God and his own heart—he was in God's house, and the world was shut out. Then, doubtless, did he examine his own heart; review the actions of the past day; and call on God to forgive him for his imperfections and short comings; and then did he pray to him to watch over himself, his parents, his kind instructor, the church, and the world, and to bless all according to their respective wants. Thus was it, that Samuel lay on his couch, communing with his own soul, and conversing with God. But he was not to sleep yet, for as he had been speaking to God, so God now meant to speak to him in an audible manner. "The Lord called Samuel, and he answered, here am I." As Jehovah had not been accustomed to speak to men thus for so long a time, Samuel mistook his call for Eli's; and supposing that the old man wanted him to do something for him then, he delayed not a moment, but shewed his readiness to wait on him, by getting up from his warm bed, and running to that of Eli, he said, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." "Here am I, ready and anxious to do any thing for you, which you may want to have done; here am I, anxious to be relieved from the fear I felt, that

you were seized with some sudden pain or sickness ; here am I, willing to go for you on any message to any place ; here am I, your little attendant, who loves you so dearly, waiting your commands ; I am all impatience to receive them."

What a sweet thing is it to see affectionate children, repaying all the trouble that is taken with them, by gratitude and love. Oh ! what a sweet sight must it have been to have seen little Samuel bending over aged Eli, shaking, perhaps, with the cold of night, and undressed, waiting anxiously to hear him speak. Eli must have been surprized to have been thus disturbed, as he did not call, and " he said I called not, lie down again." His tenderness for him was great, he was sorry to see him standing naked at such an hour of the night, and he desires him to lose no time in lying down again. " And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went," being still ignorant that the voice he heard was from the temple of the Lord, even from the Lord himself, " went to Eli." On the first occasion he ran, but now being less certain that Eli wanted him, and being afraid perhaps to disturb him, he went cautiously, and said as be-

fore, "Here am I: for thou didst call me. There is no other person near us who could have spoken to me, and the voice was like unto thine. And he answered, I called not, my son." He calls him *son*, to shew how he loved him, and how kind he thought it was of him to come so soon again, when he found that he was so very lately mistaken. Eli again desired him to lie down again. Still did he remain insensible to the real fact. "Samuel did not yet know the Lord," or the manner in which he speaks to his prophets. He had not even heard, perhaps, that he ever spoke to them in this way. "Neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." When, therefore, "the Lord called Samuel again the third time," he still "arose and went to Eli, and said, here am I, for thou didst call me." Many who are now favoured with the greatest knowledge of divine things, may remember a time, when, like Samuel, they too were unskilful in the word of righteousness. We are babes before we are men or women. We must not despise the day of small things. God teaches by degrees. When I was a child, says St. Paul, I understood as a child. The convictions of the spirit may be mistaken, till they pro-

duce the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The nature of the fruit is not always known, especially by unexperienced persons, from merely seeing the blossoms. When Eli, however, found how often the voice was repeated, which was heard by the child, "he perceived that the Lord had called the child." Although it might, perhaps, have been a mortification to him, that the Lord should call a child, rather than himself, an old and laborious priest, and the master of that child, yet he was not unkind to him, shewed him no envy, and directed him in the course which it was proper for him to pursue. He "said unto Samuel, go, lie down, and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." This was very weighty advice. Samuel is to call himself a servant of the Lord, one willing to be employed by him, and esteeming it his highest honour to engage in any service he might appoint. He was to express an earnest desire to hear what God had to say to him. *Speak Lord*, speak to me of the great things it may be thy purpose to effect; speak to me of thy glory, of thy attributes, of thy purposes; speak to me of any thing of whatever it may be important for me to know; speak, for thy

servant heareth, is ready to attend to, and to obey thy voice. Accordingly, Samuel went and lay down in his place ; and “ the Lord came and stood ” before the view of Samuel, displayed his glory in some visible manner to him, the form of which he might not have been able to discern. And he called, as at other times, Samuel, Samuel, delighting to repeat the name of the favoured youth, and willing that he should understand who it was that spoke, and the importance of his paying the greater attention. Repetition is often employed to enforce what is said : *God hath spoken once, twice have I heard the same.* It was a great honour conferred on Samuel that the Most High condescended to know and speak to him by name. The call was now powerful and effectual ; there was no mistaking it ; it was addressed directly to himself. Samuel spake immediately, as he was desired by Eli. He answered, “ Speak, for thy servant heareth.” He had learned his lesson like an apt scholar. It is well for children to be taught good words, and to be instructed in pious and devout sentences, that they may be able to employ them on proper occasions, and come in time to understand the meaning of them. Children should be very glad to

learn pious remarks, sayings, or hymns, which their friends may take the trouble to teach them ; and they should look up to God to acquaint them with the true meaning of them. Samuel, however, fearing that he might be mistaken after all, did not say, *Speak*, Lord, as desired, but only, *speak*. He left out the word Lord in his answer. This showed how fearful he was of giving the honour, which was due unto the Lord, to any one but to God only. It is to be observed, too, that he did not get up out of his bed, as at other times, but lay still, and waited patiently to hear what God might have to say to him. We are most fitted to receive divine discoveries, when our spirits are composed and tranquil, when the tumultuous passions of the soul are calmed, and when the world is shut out. Samuel having expressed his attention and readiness to hear, the Lord said to him, " Samuel, behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house : when I begin, I will make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever, for the iniquity which he knoweth ; because his



sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore have I sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever."

This was a very terrific message to poor Eli respecting his wicked sons. God had sent him a message before on the subject, but he repeats it now in a shorter form to Samuel. Being young, he might have been unable to remember a longer. It was not a very agreeable prediction that he was made the bearer of. God came not to tell him that he was to be a great man hereafter, or to praise him for doing his duty, which it would have been highly guilty in him to have neglected. He received no intimation that he was to be a man of great consequence in the nation, and a great blessing to the land. Such a communication would certainly have been very pleasing to him, as it would be to all young persons to be informed respecting their future life, particularly if they were to prosper in the world. But his curiosity was not to be gratified; he was to go on an errand of woe—of woe, to the family of his dearest friend. Eli was too easy with his children. Mistaken fondness led him to give

them too much of their own way, and that way proved a bad one. Not having restrained them in time, when he would have done so, he found it too late. They were very profligate, and God could not permit them to succeed to his office. Nay, they had sinned so publicly, it was necessary, in order to vindicate his justice, to cut them off by some signal punishment.

Samuel's conduct on this occasion was extremely amiable. He concealed the message with great modesty till he was spoken to on the subject: "He lay until the morning." It is hardly to be supposed that he slept. He was too much taken up, no doubt, with the new and wonderful vision, and with the afflicting tidings he had received. He thought over what was told him, repeated it to himself, grieved over the falling fortune of his master's house, and thought of the course, which it would be best for him to pursue. It is well to compose ourselves, and to digest the spiritual food of God's word. When the morning came, he "opened the doors of the house of the Lord," according to his usual custom and duty. At any time we might have considered it remarkable, that so young a child should have opened the doors of the Lord's

house. He must have been very forward. But on this occasion it showed great humility. He was not puffed up, or exalted above himself, or beyond measure, by the revelation he had received. He had been highly honoured above all his nation, but it filled him not with conceit. This would have been a very bad effect of the favour he had received from God. Had he been so lifted up as to have been above the mean and servile offices of his station, it would have proved him unworthy of so great a distinction, and have reduced him to the same degrading level with the wicked sons of Eli; for there cannot be a greater offence than pride in the sight of God. When God manifests himself to the soul, he humbles the sinner, and hides pride from his eyes. We can know nothing truly of ourselves, or of God, if we be not humble. If we knew *ourselves*, we should find we had nothing to be proud of. If we knew *God*, the sense of his surpassing glory, and of his mercy to us sinners, would make us lowly in our own eyes, and cause us, with Job, to abhor ourselves in dust and ashes. One grand design of God, in revealing himself to the soul, is to make us willing to stoop to any service, however humbling, which can advance his glory,

and promote the good of man. If pride did not prevent Samuel from carrying on his proper occupations, he might have forgotten what he was about, and have been so full of what had happened, as to have neglected his business. The vision might have had such an effect upon him as to unfit him for any thing else. He might have gone about like one in a trance, speaking to his companions of what he had seen and heard. But no ; he retained all these things to himself, and, with the greatest modesty, spoke of it to none. It is a bad sign when we speak much about our religious exercises. When we pray, we are not to give publicity to the fact. We are to be satisfied that God hears us. Did we proclaim from the house-tops, that we had been holding communion with him, it would be a sure sign that we knew nothing of what communion was ; it would be a convincing proof that our prayers had never entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. If Samuel had gone about describing what converse he had in the night with the Lord, there would have been reason to suspect his truth. It would have been a proof likewise that he had no feeling. But he felt so much for his poor master, that, we are

expressly informed, "he feared to shew Eli the vision;" he feared the effect it might have on his mind, that it might afflict him too severely, and bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Besides, it would have seemed unkind, and as if he took a pleasure in it, if he ran at once to tell Eli of the woeful day, which was coming on his family. He felt no desire to raise himself, or his family, on the ruins of another. No good person could be pleased at the affliction of others, although they even were to receive benefit by it themselves. It would argue a great deal of depravity, if we could observe the sorrows of near friends, without the deepest regret.

Eli, however, took the first opportunity he could to ask Samuel what the Almighty had said to him. He entertained some suspicion that he was much interested in what was said. He therefore called him, when he heard him stirring about the temple, "and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me. God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that he said unto thee." He had reason to fear evil, but yet

he would not be ignorant of it, as it was a message from God. Samuel shewed now as much fidelity, as he did modesty before. He "told him every whit, and hid nothing from him." He attempted not to disguise the matter; he used no equivocation. He was not deterred from telling the whole truth by any dread of being scolded. Had he been led to dissemble, he would have deserved to have been punished well. Children should never be afraid to tell the truth. Lies are not only hateful unto God, but sooner or later they involve us in shame and sorrow. Samuel had no reason to be sorry for being so faithful. Poor Eli received the message with great good sense and piety. He knew it was not Samuel's desire to wound him. What occurred the night before, when Samuel thrice came to his bed, persuaded him that God really had said these things. He piously acquiesced in the divine will, knowing it was only a temporal punishment that was involved in the sentence denounced against his family. His only remark was, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." "*It is the Lord*, it is he that pronounces the judgment, from whose bar there lies no appeal; and against whose sentence

there lies no exception. It is he that pronounces the judgment, whose power cannot be resisted, or justice arraigned, or sovereignty contested. *It is the Lord*, who will thus sanctify and glorify himself, and it is highly fit he should. *It is the Lord*, with whom there is no unrighteousness, who never did nor ever will do any wrong to any of his creatures, nor exact more than their iniquity deserves. *Let him do what seemeth him good*; I have nothing to say against his proceedings; he is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works, and therefore *his will be done*. *I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him*. Thus we ought to quiet ourselves under God's rebukes, and never to *strive with our Maker*.\*

"And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him," to bless, instruct, and guide him. And he "let none of his words fall to the ground." His words were according to truth, and he said nothing for which he had not divine authority; and whatever he predicted came to pass. New honour was conferred on him by God. "All Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel

\* Henry *in loco*.

was established to be a prophet of the Lord.  
And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh ; for the  
Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh, by  
the word of the Lord.

See infant Samuel lay his head,  
Sleep closes up his eyes ;  
One calls him, " Samuel," from his bed ;  
Obedient does he rise.

Nor yet did Samuel know the Lord,  
Thoughtless was he and young,  
Though often had he read the word,  
Had heard, and read, and sung.

The voice calls still ; but where, and how ;  
Then Eli bade reply,  
Oh ! Lord, thy servant hears thee now,  
Speak, Lord, for here am I.

Ah ! happy, when the King of kings  
Thus calls in early day ;  
Ah ! happy child, whom Jesus brings  
To listen, read, and pray.



CYRIL,  
OF CAPPADOCIA,

HAS been particularly noticed amongst those who suffered martyrdom for Christ under the Emperor Valerian. The following account is from Milner's History of the Church of Christ, Vol. I. p. 472.

“ At Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, a child, named Cyril, showed uncommon fortitude. He called on the name of Jesus Christ continually, nor could threats or blows prevent him from openly avowing Christianity. Several children of the same age persecuted him; and his own father, with the applauses of many persons for his zeal in the support of paganism, drove him out of his house. The judge ordered him to be brought before him, and said, ‘ My child, I will pardon your faults, and your father shall receive you again: it is in your power to enjoy your father’s estate, provided you are wise, and take care of your own interest.’ ‘ I rejoice to bear your reproaches,’ replied the child; ‘ God will receive me: I am not sorry that I am expelled out

of our house: I shall have a better mansion: I fear not death, because it will introduce me into a better life.' Divine grace having enabled him to witness this good confession, he was ordered to be bound and led, as it were, to execution. The judge had given secret orders to bring him back again, hoping that the sight of the fire might overcome his remonstrances. 'Your fire and your sword,' says the young martyr, 'are insignificant. I go to a better house; I go to more excellent riches: dispatch me presently, that I may enjoy them.' The spectators wept through compassion. 'Ye should rather rejoice,' says he, 'in conducting me to punishment. Ye know not what a city I am going to inhabit, nor what is my hope.' Thus he went to his death, and was the admiration of the whole city. Such an example illustrates well that scripture, '*Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength.*'"

The natural enmity of the human heart to the pure and holy Christianity of the Bible is strikingly exemplified by this anecdote. How great must be the malignity of which human nature, if unrestrained by the providential arrangements of heaven, is capable, when not only the most

exemplary and valuable citizens could be devoted to death for their attachment to the principles of the Gospel, but when even helpless childhood could be thus also consigned to the same penalties, for the same cause. Nor is this a solitary instance. "One city of Phrygia, being generally Christian, was besieged, by armed men, in the reign of Dioclesian, and set on fire. The men, with their wives and CHILDREN, were burnt to death, calling upon Christ, the God over all. All the inhabitants, magistrates, and people, nobles and plebeians, professing Christianity, were ordered to sacrifice, and for refusing suffered in this manner."

If the enmity of the natural man against God is proved by the conduct of the persecutors, the power of the Gospel, and the strength of grace, are most abundantly manifested by the behaviour of the martyrs in general, but more especially of such as were young. What must be the reality and influence of genuine religion, when, for the sake of a crucified Saviour, even children voluntarily and cheerfully encountered the pains and horrors of martyrdom.—Little children, would your love for Christ lead *you*, in times of persecution, to suffer for his sake?

## THE CHILDREN OF MERINDOLL.

---

DURING the persecutions, which were carried on by the Papists, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, against the Waldenses, the town of Merindoll, in Provence, in which some of them resided, was exposed to the most violent cruelty, and was eventually destroyed, together with the country for 200 miles round, according to a sentence pronounced against them by the high tribunal at Aix, and confirmed by the King of France, 12th April, 1545. While they were suffering under these troubles, the Bishop of Cavaillon visited the place, hoping by subtlety to induce them to abjure their principles. Amongst other proceedings to which he resorted, we learn from Fox, that he called "before him the children, both great and small, gave them money, and commanded them, with fair words, to learn the *Pater Noster* and the *Creed* in Latin. The most part of them answered that they knew the *Pater Noster* and the *Creed* already in Latin, but they could make no reason of that, which they

spake, or understand it, "but only in the vulgar tongue." The Bishop answered, that "it was not necessary they should be so cunning, but that it was sufficient that they knew it in Latin, and that it was not requisite for their salvation to understand or to expound the articles of their faith; for there were many bishops, curates, yea, the doctors of divinity, whom it would trouble to expound the Pater Noster and the Creed." So great was the ignorance of the Roman Catholic clergy about the things of God in those days! When the blind lead the blind, evil only can ensue. In consequence of this declaration, the Bailiff of Merindoll, named Andrew Mainard, asked to what purpose it would serve, to say the Pater Noster and the Creed, and not to understand the same, for in so doing they should only mock and deride God. Then said the Bishop unto him, do you understand what is signified by these words, *I believe in God*? The Bailiff answered him, I should think myself very miserable if I did not understand it; and then he began orderly (in order) to give account of his faith. Then said the Bishop, I would not have thought there had been so great doctors in Merindoll. The Bailiff answered, the least of

the inhabitants of Merindoll can do it yet more readily than I; but I pray you, question with one or two of these young children, that you may understand whether they be well taught or no. But the Bishop either knew not how to question with them, or at the least, would not.

Then one of them, named Pieron Roy, said, Sir, one of these children may question with another, if you think it so good: and the Bishop was contented. Then one of the children began to question with his fellows, with grace and gravity, as if he had been a schoolmaster; and the children, one after another, answered so to the purpose, that it was marvellous to hear. For it was done in the presence of many, among whom there were four religious men, (ecclesiastics,) that came lately out of Paris; of whom one said unto the Bishop, I must needs confess that I have often been at the common schools of the Sorbonne in Paris, where I have heard the disputations of the Divines, but yet I never learned so much as I have done by hearing these young children. Then said William Armaut, Did ye never read that which is written in the 11th chapter of St. Matthew, where it is said, "O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, I render thanks unto thee,

that thou hast hidden these things from the sage and wise men of the world, and hast revealed them unto young infants. But behold, O Father, such was thy good will and pleasure." Then every man marvelled at the ready and witty answers of the children of Merindoll.

**ELIZABETH,**

**THE** great Queen of England, was born on the 7th of September, 1533, at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, in Kent. Henry VIII. and his wife Ann Boleyn were much disappointed at her being a girl, but they shewed no feeling of the kind in public; and in order to proclaim her heir presumptive to the crown, they determined on honouring the unconscious infant with a most magnificent christening. She was called Elizabeth, in memory of her grandmother, whose marriage with Henry VII. united the long-hostile houses of York and Lancaster, and secured the tranquillity and peace of a long-distracted country.

By order of the King, the excellent Archbishop Cranmer acted as one of the sponsors. A pledge was thus given, that her education should be attended to with every regard to true religion, and that every means should be employed to infuse into her infant mind, with the divine blessing, the great principles of the Protestant faith. A great master of poesy has described the Pre-



late breaking forth on the occasion in the following prophetic strain :—

“ Let me speak, Sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness ; she shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed ; Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be ; all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her :  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be loved and feared ; her own shall bless her ;  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with her :  
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours ;  
God shall be truly known . and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.”

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London,  
having been summoned to attend, proceeded by

water to Greenwich, and uniting with the procession from the Palace, marched to the Friars Church, where the ceremony was performed, the walls being hung with rich tapestry, and the way thither being strewn with green rushes. The citizens began the procession, walking two and two, and were followed by a long line of Barons, Bishops, and Earls. The splendid and haughty Henry Bourchier, Earl of Essex, then advanced, bearing the gilt basons. Henry, Marquis of Dorset, father of Lady Jane Grey, William Courtney, Marquis of Exeter, cousin to the King, and Lady Mary Howard, the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, bearing certain superstitious applications, employed according to the Popish usage, in the celebration of the rite, appeared the next in order. The royal infant, wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, having a long train furred with ermine, was carried by one of her godmothers, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. The Dowager Duchess of Dorset was the other godmother. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the only Peers of that rank then in England, supported the lady who had charge of the child; and the train was borne by the Countess of Kent, a descendant of the House of York, as-

sisted by Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, the happy and exalted grandfather of the distinguished infant, and by Edward Stanley, third Earl of Derby.

A rich and gorgeous canopy, supported by four Nobles, was borne over the young Elizabeth, and the ceremony of baptism was performed by Stokesley, Bishop of London. A solemn benediction was afterwards pronounced by the great father of the English Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was so eminently instrumental in causing the nation to awake from their long sleep of ignorance, and cast off the foreign and degrading yoke of Rome. The ceremony was performed at a silver font, surmounted by a crimson canopy, which had previously been placed in the centre of the church.

The principal actors on this remarkable occasion are thus briefly noticed, for the purpose of stating, that within a very short period, the great majority of them became the victims of tyranny, intolerance, or superstition. In a few hours all this empty pageantry passed away, and in a few years many, who bore the greatest share in it, found their titles, dignity, and pomp, insufficient to protect their nearest relatives or themselves

from the hand of violence. How vain is all the parade of courts and all the ceremonies of princes ! They are only vain shows. They are necessary, indeed, to support the dignity of the realm, and to give employment to the poor, but those evince but little wisdom, who pride themselves on such distinctions, and associate happiness with such unsatisfying pageants.

When the Princess, whose august admission into the outward pale of the church, was so pompously celebrated, was only three years old, her poor mother was unjustly and frivolously divorced from Henry, and barbarously executed on a false charge, and she of course became an object of neglect herself. Her altered situation was described in the most pitiable manner by her governess, the Lady Bryan, to the Minister of State. The changes of this mortal life, though so frequently repeated and so singularly instructive, seldom meet the consideration they deserve, and few profit by their occurrence. Yet there is something so striking in the contrast between the baptism of Elizabeth and her condition on the death of her mother, that the letter of her titled instructress, which describes it, deserves unmutilated insertion.

"Now, so it is, my Lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was before; and what degree she is at now, I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of her's that I have the rule of; that is, her women and her grooms. Beseeching you to be good Lord to my Lady and all her's, and that she may have some raiment. For she hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor foresmocks, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails, nor stitchets, nor mufflers, nor biggins. All these, her Grace's *mostake*,\* I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth, I cannot drive it any longer. Beseeching you, my Lord, that you will see that her Grace may have what is needful for her, as I trust ye will do; that I may know from you by writing how I shall order myself; and what is the King's grace and pleasure and your's, that I shall do in every thing.

"My Lord, Mr. Shelton saith he is the master of this house: what fashion that shall be, I cannot tell: for I have not seen it before. I trust

\*This word is unintelligible. It may signify, that she must take or get those things.

your Lordship will see the house honourably ordered, howsoever it hath been ordered before.

\* My Lord, Mr. Shelton would have my Lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the board of estate. Alas! My Lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rule yet. I promise you, my Lord, I dare not take it upon me to keep her in health, and she keep rule. For there she shall see divers meats and fruits, and wine: which would be hard for me to restrain her Grace from it. You know, my Lord, there is no place of correction there. And yet she is yet too young to correct greatly. I know well, and she be there, I shall neither bring her up to the King's Grace's honour nor her's, nor to her health, nor to my poor honesty; wherefore I show your Lordship this my desire. Beseeching you, my Lord, that my Lady may have a meas of meat to her own lodging, with a good dish or two, that is meet for her Grace to eat of.

"God knoweth my Lady hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come slowly forth: and causeth me to suffer her Grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, and her teeth were well grafted, to have her Grace after another fashion than she is yet: so I trust the

King's Grace shall have great comfort in her Grace. For she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as I ever knew any in my life. Jesu preserve her Grace! As for a day or two at a hey time, or whensoever it shall please the King's Grace to have her set abroad, I trust so to endeavour me, that she shall so do as shall be to the King's honour and her's; and then after to take her ease again.

"Good my Lord, have my Lady's Grace and us, that be her poor servants, in your remembrance.  
"From Hunsdon."

Few memorials appear to have been preserved of the future treatment she received during her infancy. She was soon however restored to favour, and was admitted to some consideration after the birth of Prince Edward. An attachment of the truest and most interesting character was formed between her and her incomparable brother, from the first dawnings of reason in both. It is delightful to see children of the same family united together in love.

She was very soon placed under the tuition of Roger Ascham, a man of great learning, who was very proud of her proficiency in her studies. When she was about sixteen, he gave an account

of her to his friend John Sturmius, the excellent rector of the Protestant university of Strasburgh, which shows how diligently she applied to all her studies from the time she was placed under his care.

“ Never was the nobility of England more lettered than at present. Our illustrious King Edward, in talent, industry, perseverance and erudition, surpasses both his own years and the belief of men. I doubt not that France will also yield the just praise of learning to the Duke of Suffolk, and the rest of that band of noble youths educated with the king in Greek and Latin literature, who depart for that country on this very day.

“ Numberless honourable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning. But amongst them all, my illustrious mistress the Lady Elizabeth shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues and her learning than by the glory of her royal birth. In the variety of her commendable qualities, I am less perplexed to find matter for the highest panegyric than to circumscribe that panegyric within just bounds.



Yet I shall mention nothing respecting her but what has come under my own observation.

“ For two years she pursued the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition ; but the foundations of her knowledge in both languages were laid by the diligent instruction of William Grindal, my late beloved friend, and seven years my pupil in classical learning at Cambridge. From this university he was summoned by John Cheke to court, where he soon after received the appointment of tutor to this lady. After some years, when through her native genius, aided by the efforts of so excellent a master, she had made a great progress in learning ; and Grindal, by his merit and the favour of his mistress, might have aspired to high dignities ; he was snatched away by a sudden illness, leaving a greater miss of himself in the court, than I remember any other to have done these many years.

“ I was appointed to succeed him in his office, and the work which he had so happily begun, without my assistance indeed, but not without some counsels of mine, I diligently laboured to complete. Now, however, released from the throng of a court, and restored to the felicity of my for-

mer learned leisure, I enjoy, through the bounty of the king, an honourable appointment in this university.

“ The Lady Elizabeth has accomplished her sixteenth year ; and so much solidity of understanding, and courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion, and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of the mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English ; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment ; she also spoke Greek with me, frequently, willingly and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance to shew and splendour, so despising ‘ the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold,’ that in the whole manner of her life, she rather resembles Hyppolyta than Phædra.

“ She read with me almost the whole of Cicero

and a great part of Livy: from these two authors, indeed, her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read short select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of scripture; and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the common places of Melancthon, and similar works, which convey pure doctrine in elegant language. In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill-adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs; on the other hand, she approved a style chaste in its propriety and beautiful by perspicuity: and she greatly admired metaphors, when not too violent, and antitheses, when just and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ears became so practised and so nice, that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English, prose or

verse, which, according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust, or receive with the highest delight." \* \* \* \*

The diligence, with which one of such exalted rank pursued her studies, is an example that ought surely to be followed by those, whose inferior station in society can offer no excuse for neglecting the cultivation of their minds, or for assuming those airs of accomplished idleness, or of busy trifling, which can never ensure respect, or benefit either the individual or any of the human race. Her modesty, and her dislike to finery, were as remarkable as her learning. Dr. Elmer, or Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, in his "Harbour for faithful Subjects," bears testimony to her youthful superiority to the splendid follies which often prove so seductive to persons at her age. "The king left her rich cloathes and jewels; and I know it to be true, that in seven years after her father's death, she never in all that time looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels once, and that against her will, and there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to leave off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glittering gayness. And then she so wore it, as every man might see that

her body carried that which her heart disliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noblemen's daughters and wives to be ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks; being more moved with her virtuous example than with all that ever Paul or Peter wrote touching that matter. Yea, this I know, a great man's daughter (Lady Jane Grey) receiving from Lady Mary, before she was queen, good apparel, of tinsel, cloth of gold, and velvet, laid on with parchment lace of gold, when she saw it, said, 'What shall I do with it?'—'Mary,' said a gentlewoman, 'wear it.' 'Nay,' quoth she, 'that were a shame, to follow my Lady Mary against the word of God, and leave my Lady Elizabeth which followeth God's word.' And when all the ladies, at the coming of the Scots' queen dowager, 'went with their hair frownsed, curled and double curled, she altered nothing, but kept her old maidenly shamefacedness.'" So plain indeed was Elizabeth in dress at this period, that a print, taken from a portrait of her when young, exhibits her in the most simple attire, and without a single ornament in her hair. If she displayed greater splendour when she ascended the throne, her situation might seem

to have demanded it; and to catch the vulgar eye with fine apparel, and fine shews, was a part of the policy, which the ignorance and superficial judgment of the populace were supposed to have rendered necessary, to secure their favour.

“ Her talents, her vivacity, her proficiency in those classical studies to which he was himself addicted, and especially the attachment which she manifested to the reformed religion, (says a modern biographer,) endeared her exceedingly to the young king her brother, who was wont to call her, perhaps with reference to the sobriety of dress and manners by which she was then distinguished, his sweet sister *Temperance*. On her part his affection was met by every demonstration of sisterly tenderness, joined to those delicate attentions and respectful observances which his rank required.”\* In presenting him with her picture, according to his request, she wrote him the following letter.

“ Like as the rich man that daily gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a great sort till it come to infinite ; so methinks your majesty, not being sufficed with so many

\* Lucy Aikin's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 10.

benefits and gentleness shewed to me afore this time, doth now encrease them in asking and desiring where you may bid and command; requiring a thing not worthy the desiring for itself, but made worthy for your highness' request. My picture I mean: in which, if the inward good mind toward your grace might as well be declared as the outward face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have tarried the commandment but prevented it, nor have been the last to grant but the first to offer it. For the face I grant I might blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. But though from the graces of the picture the colours may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spited by chance; yet the other, nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowering may darken, nor Chance with her slippery foot may overthrow.

“ Of this also yet the proof could not be great, because the occasions have been so small; notwithstanding, as a dog hath a day, so may I perchance have time to declare it in deeds, which now I do write them but in words. And further, I shall humbly beseech your majesty, that when you shall look on my picture, you will vouchsafe

to think, that as you have but the outward shadow of the body before you, so my inward mind wisheth that the body itself were oftener in your presence. Howbeit, because both my so being I think I could do your majesty little pleasure, though myself great good : and again, because I see not as yet the time agreeing thereunto, I shall learn to follow this saying of Horace, ‘ *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non potest.*’ And thus I will (troubling your majesty I fear) end with my most humble thanks ; beseeching God long to preserve you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realm’s profit, and to my joy.

“ (From Hatfield, 15th day of May.)

“ Your Majesty’s most humble servant,

“ ELIZABETH.”

An historian of this period has preserved an anecdote of the great respect which was paid to him :—“ March 17th (1551) the Lady Elizabeth, the King’s sister, rode through London unto St. James’s, the King’s palace, with a great company of lords, knights, and gentlemen, and after her a great company of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, about two hundred. On the 19th she came from St. James’s through the Park to the Court ; the way from the Park gate unto the Court spread



with fine sand. She was attended with a very honourable confluence of noble and worshipful persons of both sexes, and received with much ceremony at the court gate."

Notwithstanding the favour and credit shewn to the young Princess, there were some about her who envied her these favours. The following letter will show it more fully:—

"The Princess Elizabeth to King Edward VI.

"Like as a shipman in stormy weather plucks down the sails, tarrying for better wind, so did I, most noble King, in my unfortunate chance on Thursday, pluck down the high sails of my joy and comfort; and do trust one day, that as troublesome waves have repulsed me backward, so a gentle wind will bring me forward to my haven. Two chief occasions moved me much and grieved me greatly; the one, for that I doubted your Majesty's health; the other, because for all my long tarrying, I went without that I came for. Of the first I am relieved in a part, both that I understand of your health, and also that your Majesty's lodging is far from my Lord Marquis's chamber: of my other grief I am not eased; but the best is, that whatsoever

other folks will suspect, I intend not to fear your Grace's good will, which, as I know that I never deserved to faint, so I trust will still stick by me. For if your Grace's advice that I should return (whose will is commandment) had not been, I would not have made the half of my way the end of my journey.

"And thus as one desirous to hear of your Majesty's health, though unfortunate to see it, I shall pray God to preserve you. (From Hatfield, Saturday.)

"Your Majesty's humble Sister,

"ELIZABETH."

## LADY JANE GREY

WAS the only daughter and child of Henry Marquis of Dorset, and was grand-niece to Henry VIII. She was born at Broadgate, in Leicestershire, about the year 1537. The destruction of all the ecclesiastical registers, which took place when the monasteries were suppressed, prevents our arriving at any positive certainty respecting the exact date of her birth. It was however at a most important and critical era. It was at the very dawn of the Reformation. Cranmer was now Archbishop of Canterbury, and had succeeded in subverting many superstitious rites and practices. It was at this very juncture, that Cranmer informed Secretary Cromwell of his having prevailed on his brother Bishops to subscribe to the declarations of the Paternoster, Ave-maria, Creed, and the Ten Commandments, together with certain articles of faith, which were afterwards published, as is most probable, under the title of the true erudition of every Christian Man.

The Bible also had been printed, though not widely circulated in the English tongue.

Highly as the Marquis of Dorset, her father, was connected, he preferred the quiet of a rural life to all the splendour and dissipation of the Court. His courage was great, his ambition high ; but still he delighted most in the retirement of Broadgate. This ancient mansion was situate on the borders of Charnwood Forest, in a most romantic spot. It was surrounded with wood to a great distance, in every direction, and had an agreeable rivulet passing through it. The park is still walled round, and very beautiful, the undulations of the soil being particularly picturesque. Bold rocks break through the foliage of its venerable woods, and the tower that surmounts the lofty hill, called Old John, which rises behind the ruins of the old mansion, adds much to the effect of the scene. The view from that lovely eminence is extremely fine, and embraces within its ample extent not less than seven counties. The deer, which still court the shade, scramble among the rocks, and follow the course of the stream through the narrow winding glen, recal the mind of the visitor to the sports and occupations of its former possessors.

The remains of the house are inconsiderable, but they are enough to mark the internal arrangements which prevailed. It was built chiefly of brick, and was of a square form, having a turret at each end. Weeds and wild flowers conceal the cellars; and the kitchen, where bounty once spread her ample store, and the busy preparations of hospitality were so bountifully made, affords provision now alone to the industrious bee. The garden continues to present some traces of its ancient distribution into terraces and beds, but every appearance of cultivation is gone. The parterre has forgotten to delight us with its fragrance, and with the absence of industry, the whole has ceased to be useful or productive. Where are those who once attended to its culture? Where is she who once, with delight and youthful buoyancy, paced along its well-trimmed walks to meditate or read? Alas! five hundred years have rolled away since the noble lady we speak of pursued her studies there, and since the spot she loved to cultivate ceased to know her. How humiliating to man are such remembrances of his mortality! Who can visit such a scene without the fullest conviction of the emptiness of worldly splendour, with-

out being admonished of the vanity of human wishes? Nor do the appearances of neglect and the visible proofs of desolation and decay, which prevail, teach us a less important lesson. The mind of man is like this desert garden; uncultured, and unattended to, it brings forth nothing that is valuable—left to itself, it is a wild and uninviting waste. It requires exertion, industry, and care, to render it profitable for any thing. It is no less a law of our being, that our intellectual improvement must bear an exact proportion to the degree of our labour, than it is the law of our fallen nature, that we must depend for a livelihood on, and procure bread by, *the sweat of our brow*. No relief can be obtained from the curse pronounced on the material earth, but by the persevering application of manual or mechanical force; and in vain shall we hope to restore the mind to any thing of its ancient greatness, unless we continue to put forth the most unwearied efforts to inform and improve it.

Lady Jane was singularly fortunate in the person to whose care her education was entrusted. John Aylmer, who was partly educated at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, having made great proficiency at both Universities, and was after-

wards Bishop of London, had received from infancy much attention from Lady Jane Grey's father. That nobleman having borne the charge of his education, afterwards received him into his family, and appointed him tutor to his children. This eminent scholar had early imbibed the doctrines of the Reformation, and under his tuition Lady Jane soon acquired the most astonishing acquaintance with ancient literature, and, what was far better, an enlightened knowledge of divine truth. The writer of Bishop Aylmer's life thus describes her proficiency under him:—

“ As she was a lady of excellent parts, so by his instruction she attained to a degree above her sex in the knowledge of Latin and Greek ; so that she read, and that with ease and delight, Plato and Demosthenes, and wrote excellently well. And he bred her up in piety as well as learning, being very devout to God, and a serious embracer of the evangelical doctrine, purged from the superstitions of Rome.

“ To what perfection she attained in Greek by Aylmer's instruction, and what a happy guide he was to her in good literature, appeared in part by a discourse, that happened in King Edward's days, between this noble lady and Roger Ascham,

who taught her to write, being an excellent penman himself, and who was schoolmaster to another great lady, and afterwards Queen too, the Lady Elizabeth."

Ascham's own account, extracted from his work on education, entitled the *Schoolmaster*, then follows. But we may first observe, that he introduces the anecdote as an instance of the beneficial effect which results from the gentle treatment of children when under instruction. "One example," says he, "whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

"Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady *Jane Grey*, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis*, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, 'Why



she would lose such pastime in the park ?' Smiling, she answered me ; ' I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas ! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' ' And how come you, Madam,' quoth I, ' to this deep knowledge of pleasure ? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto ?' ' I will tell you,' quoth she, ' and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at, one of the greatest benefits, that ever God gave me, is, that sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world ; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so

pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth to me daily more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed, be but troubles and trifles unto me.'

"I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

While Ascham afterwards thought on this admirable lady, and of the employment he found her in, in her chamber reading of Plato, he broke out into these words: "O wonderful! a divine maid, diligently reading in Greek the divine Phædo of divine Plato; in this respect you are to be reckoned happier, than that both by father and mother you derive your stock from kings and queens." And upon the same account our Aylmer, whose scholar she was, he thus congratulates, turning his speech to him, and then to her:—"O my most fortunate Aylmer, to whose

lot it falls to have such a scholar ; and you, madam, more fortunate in such a master ; all joy to you both, you the learner of such a master, and him the teacher of such a scholar."

Nothing can be more delightful than the work of education, when teachers and pupils vie with each other, the one to teach, and the other to be taught. Children are much their own enemies, when they dislike instruction, and refuse to pay due attention to the course of study, which their friends are anxious they should pursue. A willing mind makes even difficulties easy, while a reluctant disposition has to encounter obstacles, which could never exist but in imagination.

It may be profitable to bear in mind particularly the many disadvantages, with which she had to labour. She was born in an age when none understood properly the management of young people ; when literature was only in its infancy ; and when the greatest coarseness, both of manners and of conduct, pervaded all ranks of society. Terror was the general method, by which the rules of learning and of morals were alike enforced. Harshness was considered an indispensable property in right tuition. It was deemed highly improper to exhibit any thing, which bordered

upon gentleness or kindness. "Daughters, in particular, even in womanhood, are described as being obliged to stand at the cupboard side during visits; except when permitted to have a cushion to kneel on; and then also it was not unusual, even before company, for ladies of the first rank to correct their grown up daughters with the large fans, which it was the fashion to carry." To such treatment it was the daily lot of Lady Jane Grey to be continually subjected. Notwithstanding the real fondness of her parents for her, the mistaken maxims of the age led them to resort to this pernicious system; and yet, as her biographer Howard observes, "she improved daily, it may be said, in spite of it."

The kindness of her tutor, however, in some measure compensated for her domestic trials; and even those trials themselves were probably of great moral benefit, as they may have led to the formation of that patient, meek, submissive, and truly Christian character, which was afterwards, under still heavier afflictions, so strikingly displayed. It is in the school of tribulation, that God educates his people for heaven. The cross teaches with certainty the folly and vanity of the world, weans from all its unsubstantial and un-

satisfying joys, and prepares for glory. The true Christian, whether in youth or old age, will know how to prize it.

Those who have kind and indulgent parents ought to feel inexpressibly thankful to God for such a mercy, and should show how they valued it, by never abusing or taking an improper advantage of that kindness and indulgence. Nor should they ever, if they knew either what was their duty or what was good for them, indulge any hard thoughts of, any resentful feelings towards their parents and friends, when they happen to be treated with severity. That severity may be most necessary to correct their faults, may be prompted by the kindest possible considerations, and is certainly calculated to produce the best moral consequences.

Some may wonder at her extensive classical knowledge: but such knowledge is surely far preferable to the trifling and superficial education of many modern females. Were their minds stored with more useful learning, it might render them something more valuable than mere sportive butterflies, beautiful perhaps to look at, but incapable of receiving or communicating any mental enjoyment. In Lady Jane Grey's time,

there was little benefit to be derived from the English language, as there were then very few valuable works published in it.\* Those, who wished to improve themselves, were therefore obliged to resort to other languages, and especially the Latin, as it was then the general medium of communication amongst persons of any information. Even now it would well repay the trouble of those, who wish to converse with the learned and the wise both of ancient and of modern times. When Lady Jane Grey lived, there were few English writers, besides our early poets, Chaucer and Gower, Skelton and Howard—some of whose productions were extremely unfit for female perusal. A relative of her own, Anthony Widville, Earl of Rivers, brother-in-law of Edward IV. had indeed translated "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," "The Moral Proverbs of Christian of Pyse," and some other things printed by Caxton. The Reformers, too, had printed some excellent works against Popery, and in defence of true religion. These would no doubt have offered her much instruction and pleasure, but they would have been insufficient to satisfy her thirst after knowledge. She was therefore com-

pelled, in a measure, with many of her sex, to adopt more masculine studies.

Such studies called forth the marked approbation of the learned, and were particularly and honourably noticed by many writers, but especially by Strype, in his Life of Archbishop Parker. Having had occasion to mention Lady Bacon's translation into English of Jewell's Apology, he writes—

“ The noble Lady Bacon was one of the five daughters of Sir Anthony Cook, of Gyddy Hall, in Essex, Knight, who bred them all up in good learning, as he was a very learned man himself; so that his daughters were famous for their knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues. Indeed, about the latter times of King Henry, many young ladies, daughters of men of nobility and quality, were bred up to skill in tongues and other human learning; taking example, I suppose, from that King, who took special care for the educating of his daughters, as well as his son, in learning. And they were happy in learned instructors. His last wife, Queen Catharine Parr, was a learned as well as godly lady. And Lady Jane, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, that unhappy Queen, had excellent learning.

Dr. Meredith Hanmer read Eusebius in Greek to a certain honourable Lady, as he tells us in his epistle before his English translation of that book, which gave him occasion to publish the said translation. And before all these, Sir Thomas More had a daughter, named Margaret, whom he bred up in ingenuous literature. She composed a Latin oration, and some verses, which her father shewed to Voysey, Bishop of Exeter; whereat he was much moved with delight, and sent her a Portugué by her father, which he enclosed in a letter to her. And but little after the same time, viz. anno 1537, there was one Elizabeth Lucar, a citizen's wife, buried in St. Lawrence Pountney's Church, daughter of one Paul Withipol: by the inscription upon whose monument, it appeared, that she writ very fairly three several hands; that she understood Latin, Spanish, and Italian; writing, speaking, and reading it with perfect utterance and readiness: that she sung in divers tongues, and played excellently upon the viol, lute, and virginals. And beside all this, she wrought all needle-work, that women used to exercise with pen, frame, or stool; understood well drawing of pictures, curious knots, and trails, beasts,



birds, and flowers, with a curious fancy. And to crown all, she was virtuous, read the Scriptures, and directed her faith to Christ, as her only mark. And all this she arrived to in her youth; for she died at twenty-seven years of age.

“ Of the women in King Edward’s reign we may judge and wonder, comparing them with that sex in this present age, by observing what Nicholas Udal writ in his Epistle to Queen Catharine, before the English Paraphrase upon the Gospel of St. John. ’ But now in this gracious and blissful time of knowledge; in which it hath pleased God Almighty to reveal and shew abroad the light of his most holy Gospel, what a number is there of noble women, especially here in this realm of England; yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, not only as well seen, and as familiarly traded in the Latin and Greek tongues, as in their own mother language; but also both in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, and exercised; and in the Holy Scripture and theology so ripe, that they are able aptly, cunningly, and with much grace, either to indite or translate into the vulgar tongue, for the public instruction

and edifying of the unlearned multitude? Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communication about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin or Greek with their husbands, of godly matters. It is now no news in England, for young damsels in noble houses, and in the courts of princes, instead of cards, and other instruments of idle trifling, to have continually in their hands either Psalms, Homilies, and other devout meditations, or else Paul's Epistles, or some book of Holy Scripture matters; and as familiarly to read or reason thereof in Greek, Latin, French, or Italian, as in English. It is now a common thing to see young virgins so nursed and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It is now no news at all, to see queens and ladies of most high state and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises of reading and writing, and with most earnest study, both early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge, as well in all other liberal arts and disciplines, as also most especially of God, and his most holy word."

Literary acquirements are by no means inconsistent with polite accomplishments. Lady Jane had made great proficiency in both. "She not only played admirably on various musical instruments, but accompanied them with a voice exquisitely sweet in itself, and assisted by all the graces that art could then bestow." Her execution in needle-work was exquisite. She had also learned the art of "confectionary, then an important portion of lady-like household duty;" and had obtained some knowledge of physic and surgery, which, together with the stated distribution of charitable aid to the poor of the parish, according to the excellent habit of those times, offered the most congenial occupation to her benevolent mind. True learning and right knowledge will always open the heart, and make us endeavour with the utmost diligence to relieve, as far as consists with our means, every case of suffering and sorrow.

It were no wonder, if a child of such remarkable amiability and knowledge, should attract the attention and gain the affection of the most exalted and excellent characters. At Broadgate, indeed, she could have little intercourse with the world, but in London the greatest respect was

shown her. Her connection with the Court has been already mentioned ; and we find her, after the death of Henry VIII., although yet in her infancy, a visitor with his widowed Queen, with whom she was a great favourite. Her residence with the Queen Dowager did not encroach upon her studies, for her Majesty was herself fond of reading ; had written many devotional treatises, and was attached to the principles of the Reformation. Neither was she inclined herself to be diverted from them by the charms and splendour of courtly society. She resided with Katherine till the time of her death, which took place in the year 1548, when she was only *eleven* years old. The Lord Admiral, whom Katherine had married, was allowed for a while to continue the charge of her ; and his ambitious plans, for his own exaltation in the state, through her variously designed elevation, would have been enough to have distracted the mind of a less sensible and of a worse informed child. On her return to Broadgate, the interview already related took place between her and Ascham ; and there it was she also received from him a letter early in the year 1551, while he was absent from England

on his diplomatic tour. That letter will shew how highly he thought of her, and of her attainments.

“ In this my long peregrination, most illustrious Lady, I have travelled far ; have visited the greatest cities ; and have made the most diligent observations in my power upon the manners of nations, their institutions, laws, religion, and regulations ; nevertheless, in such variety, there is nothing that has raised in me greater admiration than what I found in regard to yourself during the last summer, to see one so young and lovely, even in the absence of her learned preceptor, in the noble hall of her family, at the very moment when all her friends and relatives were enjoying hunting and field sports ; to find, I repeat, oh ! so divine a maid diligently perusing the divine Phædon of Plato ; in this more happy, it may be believed, than in her noble and royal lineage.

“ Go on thus, oh, best adorned virgin ! to the honour of thy country, the delight of thy parents, thy own glory, the praise of thy preceptor, the comfort of thy relatives and acquaintances, and the admiration of all. Oh, happy Elmer ! to

have such a scholar, and to be her preceptor. I congratulate you both who teach, and she who learns.

“ These are the words of John Sturmius to myself, as my reward for teaching the most illustrious Lady Elizabeth ; but to you I can repeat them with even more truth ; to you two I concede this felicity, even though I should have to lament want of success, where I had expected to reap the sweetest fruits from my labour.

“ But let me restrain the sharpness of my grief, which prudence makes it necessary I should conceal even to myself. This much I may say, that I have no fault to find with the Lady Elizabeth, whom I have always found the best of ladies, nor indeed with the Lady Mary ; but if ever I shall have the happiness to meet my friend Elmer, then I shall repose in his bosom my sorrows abundantly.

“ Two things I repeat to thee, my good Elmer—for I know that thou wilt see this letter—that by your persuasion and entreaty the Lady Jane Grey, as early as she can conveniently, may write to me in Greek, which she has already promised to do. I have even written lately to John Sturmius, mentioning this pro-

mise. Pray let your letter and her's fly together to us. The distance is great, but John Hales will take care that it shall reach me. If she even were to write to Sturmius himself in Greek, neither you nor she shall have cause to repent your labour.

"The other request is, my good Elmer, that you would exert yourself so, that we might conjointly preserve this mode of life amongst us. How freely, how sweetly, and philosophically then should we live! Why should we, my good Elmer, less enjoy all those good things, which Cicero, at the conclusion of his third book, *De Finibus*, describes as the only rational mode of life? Nothing in any tongue, nothing in any times, in human memory, either past or present, from which something may not be drawn to sweeten life!

"As to the news here, most illustrious Lady, I know not what to write. That which is written of stupid things must itself be stupid; and, as Cicero complained of his own times, there is little to amuse, or that can be embellished. Besides, at present, all places and persons are occupied with rumours of wars and commotions, which, for the most part, are either mere fabrica-

tions, or founded upon no authority ; so that any thing respecting continental politics would neither be interesting or useful to you.

“ The general Council of Trent is to sit on the first of May ; Cardinal Pole, it is asserted, is to be the President. Besides, there are the tumults this year in Africa ; their preparations for a war against the Turks ; and then the great expectations of the march of the Emperor into Hungary, of which, though no soldier, I shall, God willing, be a companion. Why need I write to you of the siege of Magdeburg, and how the Duke of Mecklenburgh has been taken ; or of that commotion, which so universally, at this moment, afflicts the miserable Saxony ? To write of all these things, I have neither leisure, nor would it be safe ; but on my return, which I hope is not far distant, it shall be my great happiness to relate all these things to you in person.

“ Thy kindness to me, oh ! most noble Jane Grey, was always most grateful to me when present with you ; but it is ten times more so during this long absence. To your noble parents, I wish length of happiness ; to you, a daily victory in letters and in virtue ; to thy sister Katherine,



that she may resemble thee; and to Elmer, I wish every good that he may wish to Ascham.

“Further, dearest Lady, if I were not afraid to load thee with the weight of my light salutations, I would ask thee, in my name, to salute Elizabeth Astley, who, as well as her brother John, I believe to be of my best friends, and whom I believe to be like that brother in all integrity and sweetness of manners. Salute, I pray thee, my cousin Mary Laten, and my wife Alice, of whom I think oftener than I can now express. Salute also that worthy young man Garret, and John Haddon.

“Farewell, most noble Lady in Christ.

“R. A.”

“Augustæ,

“18th January, 1551.”

In the close of this year the Dukedom of Suffolk having become extinct, was revived in the person of Lady Jane's father, out of compliment to the Marchioness, who was sister to the last two Dukes of that house which bore the name of Brandon. This honour was conferred on him in the month of October, after having been some

time resident in town, or in attendance on the Court at Greenwich. In the following month, both he and his Duchess, together with their daughter Jane, bore a conspicuous share in the ceremonies which were observed in honour of Mary of Lorraine, the Scotch Queen Dowager. Having obtained leave from the King to pass through England on her return from France to Scotland, she accepted of his invitation to the Metropolis, and was received with every demonstration of respect. After residing at Hampton Court a short time, she made her public entry into London on the 2d of November, riding upon horseback, and accompanied by the English nobility of both sexes. She alighted at the Bishop of London's Palace, was most hospitably entertained by him, and obtained, in addition, a large supply of provisions and luxuries from the Corporation of London. Her first interview with the young King was on the 4th of the same month. She rode to Whitehall in her chariot, and was accompanied by the Duchess of Suffolk, and her incomparable daughter, amongst other ladies of the first rank, who formed a long and splendid procession.

The Dowager, on her introduction to the

King, immediately knelt down ; but Edward instantly raising her, first kissed, and then led her by the hand, through the various splendid apartments, to the chamber of presence, called the Queen's. He then retired till dinner time, when, according to the notions of regal state, she alone was permitted to dine with his Majesty. A sumptuous banquet was provided for the ladies of both kingdoms in the Queen's great chamber, where they, together with Lady Jane, retired as soon as the royal service was brought up.

Two days afterwards the Queen Dowager set out upon her journey to the north, riding through the most public streets of the City, and escorted as far as Shoreditch Church by a long train of nobility. Lady Jane and her mother, bore again a prominent part in the procession ; and, from their alliance to royalty, added to the splendour of the pageant.

From their connection with the Court, the Suffolk family were of course frequently in attendance upon the King. But as they lived at their own house in Suffolk Place, and not at the Royal Palace, they were freed, of course, from much that was disagreeable in such a life. It was only as necessity occurred that they visited

the Court. One of those occasions presented itself on New Year's Day 1552, when the whole family went to present their congratulations to King Edward ; and the Duchess of Suffolk, in particular, presented him with a knit purse of silver and gold, containing £40. in half-sovereigns, for which she received in return from his Majesty three gilt bowls with covers.

But all this pageantry had no effect in diverting our excellent young Lady from more solid and profitable pursuits. At this very period she was carrying on a Latin correspondence with Henry Bullinger, of Zurich, a very learned and active Reformer, who showed great hospitality to the English fugitives, that were compelled, for conscience toward God, to seek a foreign land, in the beginning of Henry's reign. He had also dedicated two decades of sermons to Edward the Sixth, and had maintained an epistolary intercourse on the most important religious topics, with several of the principal characters in England. Her first letter to this Divine, written in the midst of all these courtly occupations, informed him, that she had begun the study of the Hebrew language. Her love for the Scriptures, no doubt, engaged her in this study ; and she

was anxious to drink from the fountain the true doctrines of salvation. "This epistle," says Mr. Howard, "manifests the utmost elegance of expression, and of turn of sentiment, astonishing indeed, in so young a person; her two succeeding epistles to the same Divine being also composed in a pure and unaffected style, informing him that she was pursuing her Hebraic studies in the manner which he had pointed out to her. She addresses him as if he were her preceptor, with wonderful respect and submission, in a fine strain of modesty, and displaying a very singular zeal for the true religion."

It does not come within the range of this work to follow this invaluable girl through the subsequent scenes of her life. Young as she was, she was soon to become a sacrifice to the mad ambition of her friends. The whole is matter of historic record. The nature of her studies, and her early love for real piety, and for the religion of the Scriptures, led her to exhibit before the world such astonishing resignation, firmness, and grace, as commanded even the admiration of those who were unfriendly to her principles, as well as the respect and reverence of posterity. May every young person who

reads this brief account of her childhood, learn to imitate her virtues, by being made partakers of her grace. It is thus only they can be duly prepared to buffet with this wicked world, and to meet the trials to which they may hereafter be exposed.

## CATHERINE B——.

~~~~~  
PSALM cxviii. ver. 23.

This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.
~~~~~

SALVATION is of the Lord, every part of it is His work; and in every stage it is, or ought to be, marvellous in our eyes. Behold the eternal Jehovah, in the unsearchable riches of his grace and wisdom, devised the plan in the counsels of eternity, and in the fulness of time executed it, by sending forth his only begotten Son Jesus Christ, to be made flesh, and to be born of a woman. He, even the Son of the living God, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven; became a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and that for a world which hid its face from him. He was smitten for those who esteemed him not; yea, while bearing our griefs, while carrying our sorrows, and healing our souls, by the stripes which he bore, he

was set at nought by sinful men, as a stone is set at nought by the builders when they cast it away as useless and vile. Yet this rejected Saviour was chosen of God, elect, and precious: was set up by his eternal Father as the head of the corner, far above all principalities and powers, above every name that is named, not only in heaven, but in earth, and under the earth. Yes; he whom man despised was appointed to be the wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption of sinners; was appointed to be the only Saviour from the wrath to come; the only way by which a sinner could approach God and live!

Marvellous, indeed, ought this first great act of our offended God to be in our eyes—whether we consider it in its mercy, or in its wisdom, as making a way for justice and truth, for mercy and peace to meet together, it is wonderful in the extreme! Angels themselves are lost in admiration;—they contemplate, they desire to look into these judgments, these ways of the Almighty, which, in their full extent, are (to a creature) unsearchable and past finding out!

But not only is it a marvellous thing that the eternal Father should thus lay the plan of human



redemption in his own eternal counsels, and give up his own dearly beloved Son to die; the just for the unjust: but every stage, every part of the work of salvation, as carried on in the life of the Christian, is also marvellous, is also the Lord's doing! For instance:—The first calling of a sinner out of darkness into the light of the Gospel—the quickening of a soul dead in trespasses and sins—this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!

The grace and strength which enables him to separate himself from a world that lieth in wickedness, and to follow Christ through evil report; the grace which enables him to bear the envy, hatred, and malice of wicked men, and to persevere unto the end: this, all this, comes from God; it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

The comfort and spiritual light which the soul often experiences under the afflictions and sorrows of a sickly body, or an exercised mind; the joy and peace which oft-times fills the spirit of the Christian, when death is dismissing it from the body; this, all this, comes from God! it is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

The completing of the work of grace thus

begun on earth, and finishing it in glory above; this also is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. In short, throughout the whole, it is evident, that the salvation of a sinner is a most marvellous work; it is evident this is the work of the Lord, and not of man.

For man hath no power to quicken his own soul when dead in trespasses and sins; nor can he call himself out of darkness into light, or deliver himself out of the power of Satan, and turn to the living God. He cannot find strength in himself to enable him to come out and to be separate from an evil world, or to take up a daily cross and follow Christ.

He cannot comfort and enlighten his afflicted or departing soul, either in the day of sickness or the hour of death. Much less can he place the crown of celestial glory on his own head, either by the power of his own arm, or the merit of his own actions! No!

For no man can ever merit this great salvation by any thing he hath done, or can do. He is a sinner: in his best performances he falls infinitely short of the glory of God.

Salvation is therefore of the Lord. It is wholly of grace from first to last. It comes to us freely,

though it was purchased at no less a price than the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ himself; and he often bestows it when and where we least expect, making the first last, and last first; hiding it from the worldly wise, and prudent, and revealing it to babes; oft-times choosing the poor, the weak, and the despised, to confound the wise and the mighty, to the end that no flesh should glory in his presence; to the end that all men might see and own it to be the Lord's work, and marvellous in their eyes.

I will now call your attention to the character of Catherine B——, late one of our school children, who departed this life last Sunday evening, in the 11th year of her age; and in her little history and dying experience, I trust, we shall see the foregoing doctrines illustrated.

It is probable that many of you did not know this dear child, and, it may be, that most of you who did personally know her, never took any particular notice of her; for, indeed, there was nothing in her outward appearance to strike the attention or engage notice. She was a child of much natural reserve, had little to say on any occasion, and being fond of retirement, and quiet, she kept within doors, and much out of notice.

She is gone, and now my heart smites me, when I recollect how often I passed by without noticing her, without thinking there was any, even the smallest knowledge of, or concern about, religion in her heart, beyond that found in the greater part of our children. Not being in the Bible class, she did not attend on Sunday evenings for personal instruction; and from this circumstance I had not the same opportunity of knowing the state of her mind, as I had of those in the first or Bible division. Nay, her mother was not aware, any more than myself, that her soul was seeking the Lord, he who doth all things well, was pleased to lay her on a bed of sickness, to visit her with that fever which ended in death. It was then, for the first time, we discovered that the Lord, who (as we before observed) oft-times shows the great things of salvation to babes, had indeed shewn them unto her. For some weeks before her illness, she had been impressed with a sense of the duty and necessity of prayer, and, under those impressions, when no eye saw her but the eye of God, when none thought her concerned about her soul, she often retired into the barn to pray. There it was, she told us, that she

prayed for herself, her brother and sisters, and every body.

Her greatest delight seems to have been in reading in quiet and alone; not reading, like most children, without thinking over or understanding what they do, but she pondered in her mind what she read in the letter. Her neighbours have since observed, they have sometimes gone in, when she was so deeply engaged in thought over her Testament, that she did not perceive them come into the house. Still, however, she passed unnoticed, and still she kept her mind to herself, laying up, like many of old, these things in her heart. But, though the mother had not discovered the work of grace going on in her child, yet she could not help observing a degree of affectionate kindness in Catherine beyond what was found in the other part of the family. When the unkindness of the brother or sisters, or, indeed, any distressing circumstance occurred to grieve the parent, little Catherine would often come and say, with much sweetness, "never mind, mother; don't grieve." It was in this silent and gradual manner the Holy Spirit was pleased to carry on his own work,

until within a day or two before she was taken ill; when being left to keep the house, while the rest of the family were in the field, she found her sister's hymn-book, and, in the book, the card I had given to her the Sunday before, with the following text on it:—"And he stretched forth his hands towards his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and brethren; for whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother:" this text the Lord strongly and comfortably impressed on her mind; she spoke of it afterwards with much earnestness, and seemed to feel great confidence that the Lord Jesus would own her as one of his sisters and brethren. But she was almost immediately taken ill, and confined to her bed. It would be painful to you, as well as to myself, to describe her bodily sufferings. Let it suffice to say, they were very great; that the brain was the principal seat of the fever; and that, consequently, she not only suffered great agony, but was often deprived of her senses. I now saw her often, for I was anxious, if possible, to relieve the sufferings of the body, as well as to endeavour to edify the soul. O, my friends, it were indeed to be wished that all of you had seen

and heard what we did. Often did I think within myself, surely if our poor careless and aged neighbours were here, they would smite on their breasts, and say, "God be merciful to us old and unconcerned sinners, and suffer not the example and words of this child to rise in judgment to our condemnation."

There were three things in her experience, which every one present with her could not but observe; and which I shall here take notice of.

1st. The sense of her sins, and unworthiness in the sight of God.

2d. Her earnest desire to love Christ more, and her constant longing to depart, and to be with him.

3d. Her earnest wish and prayer for the salvation of others. 1st. She had a deep sense of her sins. We know it is the universal work of the Spirit of God to convince of sin. Wherever the marvellous work of God is experienced, the person, whether old or young, learned or unlearned, is brought to see and feel himself a guilty and unworthy creature, both by nature and practice. Now was exactly the case with little Catherine; she spoke of herself as being a very sinful creature, and there was a solemn earnestness in

her voice on these occasions, which, by its mere manner, told how much she felt what she uttered, "O," she would say, "O that I were like any other girl! nobody is so wicked as I am!" And when I told her all the other children were born, each with a sinful heart, as she had been, and that they were all like herself, children of wrath by nature; still she seemed unable to conceive they were so bad as she was herself. This was the first particular in her experience. The *second*, you will recollect, was her earnest desire to love Christ more; and her constant longing to depart and to be with him. Because the same blessed Spirit which had shown to her her sins, did also continue to show to her the Saviour. She felt she never had done, that she never could do, any thing to merit salvation, or to obtain heaven on her own account. But she had read of Jesus the Saviour; her eyes had been directed to him who is the Lamb of God—whose blood cleanseth from all sin—whose promise is, that he will save to the uttermost all who come unto the Father by Him; and her soul was filled with much love to this gracious Friend of sinners. One day, when she had called for and tasted a little water, I reminded her that such a comfort



was not allowed the Saviour of men in his severe agonies on the cross ; but, on the contrary, when he said, " I thirst," the people gave him vinegar and gall to drink. This seemed to fill her soul with holy indignation ; she fetched a deep sigh, and said, " They ought to have had it themselves." I asked her whether she did not think the Saviour had shewn her great love and mercy, in bringing her acquainted with her need of salvation, and stirring up her heart to seek it from him ? She answered, " Yes !" " And don't you love him much for all this ?" " Not so much as I ought to do," was her reply : while a deep sigh of heartfelt regret accompanied her words. " Should you like to die and go to him ?" " O, yes ; I wish I were with him," was the immediate answer. She often said she did not wish to live ; and the reasons she always gave were, this was a sinful place, a wicked world ; there was nothing worth living for in it. " No," she one day repeated, " Nothing." I once asked her, " If God should restore her to health, and give her abundance of riches, with a coach to ride in, whether she would not think these things worth living for ?" and I shall not easily forget the reply she made. " A coach worth, worth

living for!" she said, in a tone so sharp and sarcastic, that it was as though she had said, "How could you think or ask so foolish a thing?" Her soul always seemed much delighted and deeply interested when we went to prayer, or occasionally repeated a verse or two of some appropriate hymn. Indeed, such was the desire of her soul for this spiritual assistance, that, recovering herself one day from her torpor and insensibility, she requested the by-standers to go for me, saying, she could not live if I did not come. In a few minutes I was with her, but the brain was again oppressed, and the senses gone.

A day or two after, finding her quite collected, I asked her whether she thought she should die? She replied, "Yes, I think I shall." "Would you like to die?" "Yes, I wish to die." "Why do you wish to die?" "Because this is a bad place." After this she lay silent for a few minutes, and then she said, "I wish to die and go to heaven, to be with my blessed Saviour, and to praise him, and sing hallelujahs and glory now, henceforth, and for ever." These were her exact words, which having uttered, she again sunk into a state of insensibility, and continued so, except at short intervals. But, even when

insensible, her language plainly shewed that God kept her mind in peace—stayed upon the rock of ages—Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The Saviour, the dear Saviour, was often upon her tongue; and, in the short intervals of recollection which she now and then enjoyed, her soul and lips were almost constantly in prayer, and that principally for others. This leads us to the third particular, her earnest wish and prayer for the salvation of her fellow-creatures, and especially for her relations. For them, it hath been already observed, she often poured out her soul to God in the barn, in time of health; but much more so now, on her sick and dying bed. On these occasions, many sweet, precious, and striking things were uttered by her, which the grief and solicitude of her relations did not enable them to recollect. And we may safely say, when the few observations and circumstances of this address are brought before you, that the one-half will not be told. But we hasten to arrive at the close of her little history. Nature had now begun to sink under the conflict; the poor body betrayed evident signs of a speedy dissolution, and the mind became more and more a prey to the violence of her disorder. The mo-

ther, therefore, took an opportunity (in one of her intervals of recollection) of saying, "My dear child, when you find your departure at hand, if your soul is happy in the assurance of enjoying the pardon and joys of heaven, hold up your finger as a token of your joy, if you are unable to tell us by words." This the child promised to do, if the Lord should permit, and then relapsed into her usual state of torpor and insensibility. On the Friday previous to her departure, she sent for me. I hastened to her bed-side. She could say but little; and, indeed, she knew but little, nor "knew that little long." Yet she said enough to satisfy us that underneath her were the everlasting arms, and over her the banner of love. It was growing late; I waited till I thought she had a little recollection, and asked her if she knew me; to which she replied in the affirmative. Having commended her to the Lord, I wished her a good night, little expecting a connected sentence in return. But at that instant nature and recollection seemed to rouse, and the dear child replied, "Good night, Sir, henceforth, and for evermore." Instantly delirium again returned, and continued, with few intermissions, until Sunday evening, when,

between eight and nine o'clock, the conflict promised soon to end. The mother had been down stairs, and was returning again, not, however, expecting that end quite so near as the event proved it to be. The child was now unable to see or to speak ; but, at the instant of the mother's coming up stairs, she was evidently sensible, and knew the step of her affectionate parent ; and recollecting the order she had received, to give a token of the happy state of her soul, when she found her end approaching (if so be that she possessed that assurance), she raised her tremulous hand, and held up her finger, as the mother entered the room, and kept it in that position ; which, of course, was as much as to say, " Now my departure is at hand, my soul is happy ; I am saved by Christ." All eyes in the room were earnestly directed in silent admiration to this interesting signal, which the child continued to exhibit for some minutes, holding up the hand until death had entirely unnerved the feeble arm, and dismissed the happy soul from its afflicted tenement. Then, and not till then, the arm fell, because the spirit that influenced its motion was gone hence, and was present with its God. This event took place about nine o'clock

in the evening ; and thus ended the warfare of our young Christian pilgrim. Her sun went down at an early hour ; her days were shortened in the midst, for the Lord cut short his work in righteousness, and made a speedy end. But in so doing, he has granted her heart's desire ; he has delivered her from the miseries of this sinful world, and received her into his heavenly kingdom. Her happy soul is now present with that Saviour, whom, having not seen, she loved while on earth ; and, whom now seeing, we doubt not but she is filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. O that you, the surviving children of the school, may thus live and thus die ! To die thus, will indeed be gain : it will be gaining heavenly peace for earthly sorrow ; it will be exchanging grief for joy ; a thatched cottage for a mansion of glory ; the garment of poverty for a robe of righteousness ; the society of poor erring mortals for that of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect ; nay, for that of Christ himself. It will be removed for ever beyond the reach of temptation and sin, to be planted as pillars in the temple of our God.

But, O my friends, you who have lived to see many more days than fell to this child's lot, to

you she yet speaketh. Will not the sight of her grave, as you pass to and from this house of prayer, cut many of you to the heart? I know you satisfy your consciences with the plea of being no scholars, and vainly imagine that prayer and praise cannot be expected from you! Let me ask, what was this child? She had certainly received but little of that wisdom and instruction which comes from man; and yet she was wise unto salvation! She sought and she found the Lord; the pearl of great price: and many others in the school, I trust, are seeking the same way.

But shall children of ten, of eleven, twelve, and thirteen years of age, retire into private places and pour out their souls in prayer for themselves, and for you, their parents, and grandsires, and will you not pray for yourselves? Shall children see and lament the dangerous state of your souls, and will you not know and bewail the impending evil yourselves? O, my aged hearers, my heart is pained within me, and hope itself sickens and almost expires, when I think how probable it is that these babes will one day rise in judgment against many of you to your condemnation.

Children, by this bereaving providence you

have lost a school-mate, who, had she lived, would have been beloved by all who are seeking the Saviour; and I, by the same event, have lost a sweet lamb from my little, little flock. Yet both you and I have cause to bless God, to say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Let us endeavour to follow her as she followed Christ; and if our aged neighbours and relations will not go with us, O let us, my dear children, let us go alone. Yes, painful as it may be to our feelings to see them tarry behind, yet we must not tarry with them, nor for them; we must escape for our lives; we must hasten to 'cross the plain; we, each of us, have to flee from the wrath to come; meanwhile, when we pass little Catherine's grave, we may say with assurance, "There rests the body of one whose spirit is with Christ;" yes, and we may yet extend our pleasing meditations, and say, "Even that body which now sees corruption, shall by-and-by be raised incorruptible; that hand which lately gave the signal of an approaching salvation, but is now mouldering into dust, even that hand shall again be lifted up, in token of a more exalted and eternal blessedness: at the



sound of the last trumpet it shall be invested with life, glory, and immortality, and sundering the band of its present tomb, shall stretch itself forth, and being united to its glorified, though now absent spirit, shall fly into the bosom of its Saviour and its God."

Let us encourage such meditations; through grace they will assist in weaning our carnal minds from this sinful world, and all its alluring vanities; they will brighten our prospect of, and they will quicken our steps towards, the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God. And in the anticipation of these joys, which are reserved for the redeemed of Christ, they may stir us up to rejoice in present tribulation, and to sing, as we tread the more rugged parts of our journey—

" O hasten, Lord, the glorious day,  
Call all thy children home;  
Teach us with humble hope to say,  
Lord Jesus quickly come."

P. S. Little Catherine is buried on the north side of the church, on the left hand, soon after you enter the church-yard. We have planted a number of snow-drops under the turf of her grave, which, early in the spring, put forth

their white unsullied blossoms, as emblematical of the spotless purity of her soul, which, we trust, is washed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb.

At the head of her grave a stone has been erected, bearing the following inscription and appropriate lines, by a literary friend and kind assistant in our schools:—

“ This Grave

“ Contains the mortal part of Catherine B., who, before her death, sought the Lord Jesus in secret, and found pardon and peace in him.—She died Oct. 9, 1814,

“ Aged eleven years.”

“ As some fair flow'r, that, hid in leafy green,  
Imbibes the dew of heaven, and blooms unseen,  
Till fragrance, strange unto the passer by,  
Reveals the secret of its birth place nigh ;  
So Catherine lived, and sought the Lord alone,  
Her griefs peculiar, and her joys unknown.  
A change divine soon met the wond'ring eye,  
And told th' employment of her privacy ;  
Fain would we long have gaz'd, but God remov'd  
To holier, happier scenes, the child he lov'd.”

## ACCOUNT

OF

MARY SOPHIA POND,

AGED NINE YEARS.

---

MARY SOPHIA POND was born at Trowbridge, October 1796. Her brief life demonstrated at once the depth of human corruption, as inherited from our first parents, and the vastness of almighty grace and mercy, as derived from our adorable Redeemer.—The depth of human corruption, for her excellent uncle remarks “that she was naturally of a petulant, obstinate, perverse disposition, and manifested this continually, till she was between four and five years of age”—the vastness of almighty grace and mercy, as will appear in the sequel, from the statement of the same valuable relative. “At that time she was placed under the care of an aunt, who bestowed uncommon pains upon her. By degrees, though with great difficulty, (for she often rebelled in the most violent manner,) she was

brought under proper restraint and discipline. The impropriety of her conduct was calmly pointed out to her, with all the address of reason and affection—the portraits of good and bad children were constantly laid before her—she was taught to commit to memory, with remarkable emphasis and feeling, till at length her mind, under the divine influence, imbibed all the lovely principles of virtue, genuine affection, and filial duty towards her friends, love to all mankind, and real piety towards God. The change was visible to all—her disposition became remarkably sweet and engaging, and upon every occurrence she would make the most suitable reflections, particularly lamenting the evil of sin and sinful conduct. Her whole deportment was truly the admiration of all her friends. Evangelical religion had a most powerful effect upon her whole soul ; and the Lord Jesus Christ, by an early sickness, took her to himself.” The wonderful change which took place, through grace, in her character, will be further apparent, from the Memoir drawn up by the affectionate aunt alluded to above.

“ At three years of age she came to reside with her grandmother, when her education, with that of an elder sister, devolved upon me. Little

did I then, or for a long time after, imagine what a delightful employ it would prove ; for surely the first part was truly rugged ! The violence of her passions, and impatience of contradiction, would often terrify me, and render me almost incapable of administering correction ; but how did the lion become a lamb under the teaching of God ! Education moderated, but it was God subdued, and made the mighty change ! For more than a year there was no getting forward in reading, until ‘ Sermons to Children, by a Lady,’ were given to her. They were read to her, but that was not sufficient—they were so sweet, that she must read for herself ; and her determination was, to fight through every difficulty to accomplish this end. Every cloud now began to vanish from her intellects, and before the age of five was attained, her desires for knowledge and improvement became insatiable ! And now how gratefully would she receive instruction ! At seven, she had gone through the translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, descanting on the different actions and characters in passing through them. At this time she read with elegance, and evidenced by her manner that she entered into the meaning of all that she read.

As a hint to young people, I would observe, that this dear girl never thought of beginning a second book, until the first was finished.

“ She seemed to have a mind superior to the little vanities that usually accompany childhood ; for although neat and particular in her person, to an extreme, I never perceived any thing that looked like delight in finery, except when about to adorn her doll : and though all admired her as beautiful, I believe she was unconscious of possessing a personal charm. Thus far, I think, she had proceeded without religion ; and I judge so, from a disposition to trifle in the house of God. One Sabbath, after reproving her for this, I remember having used the following expression :— ‘ Mary, would your mother have behaved as you have done this day in the house of God ? No ; your mother is a pious woman, and is going to heaven, for she loves all the ways that lead thither ; if you love her, Mary, how will you bear to be eternally from her ? ’ The poor little thing burst into an agony of grief, and from this time always gave serious and solemn attention to every part of worship.

“ December, 1803, she was seized with the measles : this disorder we had rather dreaded,

from an apprehension that her lungs were weak ; and the event realized our fears. Her constitution was not strong enough to throw off the disorder ; for though she appeared to pass through it well, a cough remained, which, with other unpleasant symptoms, induced the apothecary to recommend change of air, so soon as the weather would admit. During this illness an unusual seriousness commenced, with an increased sweetness of temper, accompanied with grateful expressions for every act of attention, and affectionate solicitude lest my health should suffer by my attending so much to hers ; and all this unceasingly continued, till our attentions were no longer needed.

“ I one day was trying to divert her, and on succeeding, jocosely said, ‘ O saucy girl, what, laugh at aunt ! ’ ‘ Ah, aunt,’ she replied, ‘ you have often made me cry.’ ‘ When I have punished you, do you mean ? ’ ‘ Yes.’ This I felt as a dagger ; till, on asking if I had done this too often, she with energy answered, ‘ Oh ! no, no, not once ; if, my dear aunt, you had let me go on my own way, what a bad girl I should have been ! ’—and then expressed her thanks by kisses.

“ About this time, she began to read the Bible as a book that was prized ; and while waiting to be well enough for the promised jaunt, amused herself with composing the following pieces of poetry ; a few verses of which she used to make before rising, her sister writing them down from her dictation. She would resume the subject the following morning, and so on, till all was completed. Her delicacy was so great, we were afraid to have her taught writing.

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG ACQUAINTANCE.

The sting of death's remov'd  
From those who love the Lord,  
Who follow in their Master's steps ;  
And peace is their reward.

How happy will they be,  
Here and hereafter too !  
How happy on their dying bed,  
The word of God will shew.

And could not Sally say,  
She did not fear to die ?  
Ah, yes ! 'twas Jesus taught her so,  
On whom she could rely.



Ye weeping parents, hush  
Your mourning and your tears,  
For your dear Sally is not lost ;  
Then why should you have fears ?

'Twas God that call'd her up  
To dwell with him above ;  
Two other calls before were given, \*  
All by the voice of love.

The joys she does possess,  
No mortals e'er can tell,  
Until the veil be drawn aside,  
And they with her shall dwell.

Such joys you will possess,  
If you believe in God,  
Follow the dear Redeemer's steps,  
And seek his blest abode.

You'll meet your children dear,  
And join them in the song :  
To God, and to the Son of God,  
These songs of praise belong.

\* Sally's sister and brother died a few weeks before her.

## ON DEATH.

Death! 'tis a solemn day,  
To those who long have been  
The unbelievers of thy word,  
And followers of sin.

That awful day will come,  
When the great Judge shall call  
Them to account for all their sins  
Upon this earthly ball.

Then shall the Judge pronounce  
That awful word, "Depart,"  
I know ye not, ye wicked ones,  
That have a sinful heart.

Then at his word they go  
Down to eternal pains,  
Where all the fallen angels dwell  
In everlasting chains.

---

"Spring was now advancing, and I took her for a month to the house of a kind friend, where every advantage could be procured. While on this visit, our darling has often said—'Oh, aunt, how attentive Mrs. L—— is, and the servants too! what friends I have!' I replied, 'My dear,

it is God who has placed you amongst such friends ; I hope you feel grateful to him for them.' She instantly answered, ' Yes, aunt, indeed I think I do.' While there, she was daily wheeled out in a little carriage, for the benefit of the air, when I used to walk by the side, and collect such wild flowers as the hedges produced. With what care would she preserve them as long as possible, expatiate on their beauties, and dwell with admiration on the greatness of God, who could form such a variety ! And now *our* delicate little flower began to rear her head again ; but, alas ! not to bloom long on this inclement soil !

" She passed the summer tolerably, improving fast in mind ; but composing verses was strictly prohibited. The winter approached, and our Mary, though kept a close prisoner, felt a woeful change. Every indication of a consumption was now visible, though her grandmother and aunt were unwilling to believe it. They had got a treasure, and knew not how to yield it ; but this lesson the sweet sufferer herself taught me. Through her long affliction, how did her lovely submission, and her patient suffering, shine ! She seemed to have her own will entirely swal-

lowed up in the divine will ; nor do I remember, for many months before her decease, to have witnessed her giving way to any evil temper, although, precious child, she knew what sore temptations meant. Her sister one day introduced a subject relating to Satan's appearance ; I remarked, the devil is often felt when he is not seen, and referred to the dear invalid for the truth of it. She answered in the affirmative. I asked in what way he was felt—she observed, 'Temptations.' Did *she* ever experience this? 'Yes.' 'In what way?' 'Oh! aunt, he has tempted me to improper thoughts of a Sabbath-day, and to wandering thoughts in prayer.' 'And do you strive and pray against these things, my love?' 'Yes, I always do.' I once asked if she thought much of her play-room, &c. and on an answer in the negative, wished to know how her thoughts were employed ; she said, there was often a great weight on her spirits, and that sometimes her memory was so bad that she could not remember any thing ; but, added she, 'I can sometimes recollect texts of Scripture that afford me great comfort. How encouraging is Christ's lamentation over Jerusalem ! for he is as ready now to receive

sinners as he was then; is he not, aunt? and then I think of my hymns.' Some that she mentioned were the 15th, 16th, and 65th of the Second Book of Dr. Watts.

"As long as she was able to read, the Bible was her daily study; and next came the Pilgrim's Progress: of this she was very fond, and would delight to talk, while lying on my shoulder, of the different experiences therein mentioned; and I remember once observing, 'that such characters as that of Ignorance must be much more miserable, on discovering their mistake, than those who go to hell, expecting to be there.' Often, when I was absent, her grandmamma would use entreaties that she would desist from reading; but now the time was approaching, when her poor eyes would no longer aid in the delightful employ; then her sister would oblige her by reading, and repeating hymns to her, as she lay on my lap. With what heavenly smiles would she meet my eye, at a verse that treated of a Saviour's love, while she had no ear at all for chit-chat. Once she was kept long from her tea, by a talkative visitor; on his going, I expressed my fears that he had caused our darling to suffer: she acknowledged he had, observing,

that had it been profitable conversation, it would not have signified, but that it was all what she had no interest in.

“ On my saying, ‘ You are, my love, favoured in your affliction, for you cannot take up that lamentation, ‘ In the morning I say, would it were night, and at night, would it were morning,’ for you have pretty easy nights.’ ‘ Yes, aunt, and I have not much pain by day neither,’ (said she,) although strong palpitations of heart, occasional spasms, shortness of breath, and coughing, spoke another language. Besides, at different times, four small stones were coughed up, with an appearance of her being nearly strangled; but with all these ailments, the dear patient sufferer’s usual reply to an enquiry respecting her health was, ‘ Not very well,’ or, ‘ Tolerable.’

“ On being told that a friend was about writing to her mother, and requested to know what her mother should be desired to pray for on her behalf—if for her recovery? ‘ No,’ said she, ‘ but that God would fit me for life or for death.’ I asked if she did not wish to live? she answered, ‘ Aunt, I wish it to be as God pleases.’ ‘ But, my dear, where then are those friends you used to

love?' she hastily retorted, 'Oh! but I hope to meet them again.' The conversation was continued:—'Do you think God will prepare you for himself, if he should be about to take you?' 'I hope he will; it is what I pray for.' 'Does my Mary always adhere to the prayers she has been taught?' 'No, aunt, I ask God for what I feel I want; I have often prayed that he would give me a new heart, that I might serve him aright; and I do pray that he will prepare me for himself.'

"The apothecary observed, that she was a child of such superior sense, and strong sensibility, that we had need to be careful what we said, lest our fears should depress her spirits. Alas! he knew not the triumph she had gained—that death was no enemy to her! A few weeks previous to her death, tidings came that her younger sister (a lovely child, and one too on whom a work of grace had evidently passed) was in the last stage of a consumption: the intelligence was heard unmoved. When alone, I enquired if she really felt so composed as she appeared; she assured me she did. I asked her if it was from an idea that her sister, notwithstanding the Doctor's opinion, might still

recover ; she said, ‘ No, but that God thought fit to take her, and she was persuaded that he knew what was for the best.’

“ While dressing her the last morning she dwelt amongst us, the following conversation took place. ‘ Does not my Mary think that she may soon die?’ ‘ Yes, aunt, I do.’ ‘ Do you think you shall go to heaven?’ ‘ I hope so.’ ‘ Do you think your sins are pardoned?’ ‘ I believe they are.’ ‘ In what way do you think they have been pardoned?’ ‘ Through the blood of Christ.’ ‘ I should rejoice, my love, to go to heaven with you ; would you like it?’ ‘ Yes, dear aunt ; I would take you with me now, if I could.’

“ Now the closing scene was drawing much nearer than we had an idea of. For the reason mentioned above, the apothecary concealed the painful truth. Often, during the former part of the night, the precious child would take my hand and press it. When I asked where the pain was, for her restlessness was extreme, she would reply, she did not know—it was no particular pain, but remarked that she had heard the clock strike every hour ; this was about three, and wished to be up. On my saying it would injure



her, that it was a painful trial, and begging her to reflect on what her Saviour bore for her, and entreating her to look to him for patience, the dear creature raised her eyes, as if in prayer, and said no more of rising. But now a truly painful scene presented itself; she exclaimed, 'The phlegm wants to be broken.' I said, 'My love, we cannot break it—look to God for patience, the struggle will soon be over.' She immediately appeared calm; but soon the phlegm became too mighty for any resistance—it made a terrible noise, and the breath seemed striving in vain to penetrate through, yet not a struggle was once made. The hands were clasped, and held up for nearly five minutes, during this heart-rending period! But now all was over, and she took her flight to that country, of which she delighted to talk more than of any other; her sister's spirit, probably, waiting to convey her home. Thus died this lovely girl, March 23, 1805, aged little more than nine years.

"My young readers, reflect—you must die too. Are you fit to join her in heaven?—or do you still indulge in every stubborn and wicked temper? That God who changed her heart, can also change your's. Oh! pray to him—read his

word often, and attend to what it teaches you. Love the house of God ; and when there, consider he himself is present viewing your conduct. Remember, heaven or hell must be your portion ! Can you endure eternal burnings ? Oh ! escape before it is too late. If your house were in flames, and the fire had half consumed you, it would be in vain to say, fly ; but while the flames are only threatening, I must say, Oh, strive to escape ! !”

“ S. B.”

---

The two following hymns were composed by M. S. P., and written down *verbatim* from her dictation, as described above.

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

The heavenly Son of God  
Came down our sins to bear  
In his dear body on the cross,  
And we not shed one tear !

The story of his death  
A grateful heart would make  
Melt into tears, and wonder why  
He no revenge did take !

With e'en a look he could  
The earth have open'd wide  
Upon his cruel murderers,  
Who pierc'd his glorious side.

When him they had abus'd,  
They crucified the Lord  
Between two thieves on yonder tree,  
For him they most abhorr'd.

But now our joys increase ;  
For lo ! the Lord's arose !  
When his disciples he had taught,  
He to his Father goes.

*January 17, 1804.*

---

### ON FEARING GOD.

Happy the man that fears the Lord,  
Who cares not for the sinner's word,  
Who loves his Maker, and invites  
Sinners to God, and to them writes :

“ Draw near to God, ye wicked men,  
“ Since he will surely hear you ; then  
“ Pray to him with a willing mind,  
“ And you'll his promis'd mercy find.”

Thus does he call the wicked home :  
Lay down your sins, and to him come :  
If you obey his joyous word,  
You will escape th' avenging sword.

For ever happy you will be,  
In life, to all eternity !  
None can conceive the joys you'll know,  
Since Jesus did his blood bestow !

And e'en in this life will be given  
Of joys that you'll possess in heaven ;  
And after death the Lord will come  
To take you to your heavenly home.

*January 26, 1804.*

## ANNA MARIA POND,

WAS Mary Sophia Pond's sister, referred to in the preceding account. She lived at a distance of a hundred miles from her; and died a few days before her, under circumstances no less consolatory to her afflicted friends. The Lord graciously taught her infant lips also to lisp his praise. The early piety she evinced was the sure earnest of the glory for which he prepared her. She was a child of uncommon beauty, and was most attractive and engaging. But, like all other little children, she had the seeds of depraved human nature in her. In endeavouring to conceal the truth, she oftentimes denied it. Into what errors, and into what sorrows little boys and girls bring themselves, when they disguise any thing from their parents and friends! If they do what is wrong, it is much better for themselves always to tell the truth. When they tell lies they make God angry, and compel their friends, who wish them to be good, to whip and punish them. The way to avoid lies is never to do

any thing that is naughty, or that could bring us into trouble. Little Anna Maria was obliged to be often punished for these faults, until it pleased God to answer the prayers and exertions of her mamma for her, and to change her heart. Every little child's heart, as well as every big person's heart, requires to be changed, for all our hearts are naughty, till God renews and cleanses them. *The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.* When the good and gracious God changed Anna Maria's heart, the change was seen by all who knew her. Although she had once been in the habit of telling stories, she became so extremely conscientious, that she would never speak positively about any thing. She was so careful about uttering what might have the appearance of untruth, that she kept a constant watch on the door of her lips. She had once too been very idle, and gave much trouble at first when she was taught to read, but when this change took place, of which we speak, she became very diligent; all her delight was in reading the Bible and good books. It gave her the greatest pleasure to hear her good ministers preaching to poor sinners about their souls, and telling them how they could be saved, and how

they ought to live. It was astonishing what attention she paid to what was said in the house of God.

Her respect for all the commandments of God was very great. One Sunday when her aunt took her out with her, in London, to attend the public services of religion, she saw many persons with baskets, engaged in worldly traffic, and her pious mind was greatly shocked at their wickedness, and exclaimed, "Oh! aunt, how much it grieves me to see the Sabbath profaned in this way, by women selling fruit about the streets."

A few days before her death she employed herself repeating the hymns she had learned before, and requested her mamma to read the Bible to her. She delighted to think of the happy change that awaited her. She spoke of it frequently; held several conversations on the glories and happiness of the redeemed above; and quoted many appropriate passages of Scripture, which were sweetly and powerfully brought to her memory. So fully occupied was her happy soul with these subjects, that she once broke out in the following language of assurance, and anticipation of future bliss:—"Oh! mamma, I shall be soon in heaven. Only think how strange

and surprising it will be for such a little girl as I am to be with Adam, and Noah, and Abraham in heaven."

Such was the manner in which this little lamb of the flock was carried in the bosom of the good Shepherd, taught, comforted, and enabled to meet with joy the last enemy, and to triumph over him. While a mighty and veteran son of infidelity, like Voltaire, falls before the approach of death dismayed and appalled ; this little nursing is able to grapple with this terrible monster, and to pass without fear through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Nothing can give support and comfort in that hour, either to young or old, but the rod and staff of the Almighty ; faith in Christ ; the presence of his Spirit ; and a hope full of immortality. Thus endowed, the youngest *become wiser than their teachers*, and more enlightened than the ancients.



## ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE CHILD,

AGED FOUR YEARS.

---

THERE is nothing can show the fall of man in a more striking manner than the enmity which is sometimes acknowledged to be felt towards him. If man was not a fallen sinful creature he could not hate or dislike God. If he was quite pure he would love the God of purity. Some poor ignorant heathen say, they hate God, that he is cruel and unkind. When any of their friends are sick, are in great pain, and are brought near to the grave, they curse God, and command him with horrid oaths not to hurt or make the poor sufferer ill any more. But we can only pity them, they do not know the way of truth, they have no Bible, no Christian teachers. We ought therefore to pray for them, and send Missionaries to them, that they may know how good God is, and be taught to love and bless him. For though

he causes us to be sick and in pain, *he does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men.* But it is not the heathen alone who have fallen from God, and are averse to his character, to his will, and his ways. Few are candid enough to own this. A little simple child, whose history follows, and who had not lived long enough to become a great sinner, as a very wicked person is called, feeling strongly within her this natural dislike to God, had no idea of hiding it. She told it, without thinking it by any means a wrong feeling, to her pious aunt. The letter of that aunt, which contains the artless memorial of her now glorified niece, must tell how her conversation was blessed by the grace of God to the spiritual good of her infant charge.

*The late Miss H. Neale's letter, (author of Sacred History, in Dialogues,) to her sister Mrs. C——.*

“ Dear Sister,

“ In compliance with your request, I shall endeavour to recollect the Lord's dealings with your late dear niece, S. S——, for out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord ordaineth praise. After the child had been with me a little

time, I began to talk to her about God ; I asked her if she loved God ? She said, no ; for he was a naughty God, and would beat her. I asked her who told her so ? She said, papa's man. I told her it was wicked to call God naughty, for he was good, and was always doing her good : it was a good God that kept her papa and mamma alive. Then I enumerated the blessings she enjoyed, At another time I asked her if she would pray to this good God ? (I shall never forget her answer ; you know the sweetness there was in her countenance ; she put on such a stern determined look as quite amazed me.) She replied, No, I won't love God, nor God shan't love me. I was quite struck, and hardly knew what to reply—that a child, not four years old, should express its enmity so forcibly, astonished me. I told her, if that was her determination, she was a miserable child ; for none were happy but those whom God loved. I think it was the next night, I said to her, what a miserable child you are ! you never will be happy ; you cannot be happy without God. I watched her countenance : she seemed to strive against it ; but at last she burst into tears, and said, I will love God. I replied, how can you love God, when you will not pray .

to him? She came to me, with tears in her eyes, you must pray for me. She came again to me, clung round me, and would not let me go; you must pray for me; God shall love me. I still repulsed her, but she grew the more importunate. At length I yielded; and she attended me with seriousness. The next night when I put her to bed, I said not a word to her about praying; but, when I was going to undress her, she said, aunt Hárriet, you must pray to God to bless me. I taught her a short prayer, that she might know that it was her duty to pray for herself and her friends. I varied it, as circumstances arose in the family, that she might understand that God was to be applied to in every time of need. Thus we continued to pray together, till it pleased the Lord to turn her prayers into everlasting praises. From this time she would take great delight in talking about the things of God. Seeing the Bible, she asked what book that was? I told her it was God's word; that that book taught us to love God, and there God has promised to love us. From that time she never would go to bed without looking into it, though she could not read. I used to read texts suitable to her, such as "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of

such is the kingdom of heaven.—I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.” She used to delight to go to the house of God. If she was asked what she went for? she would reply, to worship God and learn his will. One day as we were walking it began to snow. She said, I do not like this naughty snow. I replied, my dear, that is because you do not know its use; God is very good in sending this snow. You know your papa is a farmer, and he would be sorry if there was no snow; the cold sharp frosts would kill the seed which he has put into the ground, if God did not send this snow to keep it warm. Then we had a long discourse about corn; what her papa did with it; and how it was made bread. Some weeks after this, as we were coming from meeting, it began to snow, upon which she said, aunt Harriet, it is very cold, but I do not mind it; God is very good to send the snow to keep the corn warm. I mention this only to show you that instruction was not lost upon this dear child. She came to Northampton in September; it was in the January following she began to be ill. The first attack was a very violent cough, which brought on a fever, attended with a pain in her side: be-

fore she recovered from these complaints the measles appeared, which struck in on the second day. A blister was applied to her back, which never healed, a humour falling to it. I will not hurt your feelings, my dear sister, by attempting to give you a description of her sufferings for the last three weeks of her life; but the goodness and mercy of our Lord were displayed, in giving her patience equal to her sufferings. When first she was taken ill, one Sabbath day, as she was sitting in my lap, she looked very earnestly at me, and said, I will die and go to heaven! I made her no answer, and she repeated it again, but I will die, and tell mamma not to cry. At the beginning of her illness she had restless nights, but would disturb me as little as possible; when I awoke in the morning, she would cling round me, and tell me how she loved me. Oh, aunt Harriet, I love God and you so much, that I know not what to do! repeating it, I know not what to do! She could not find words to express her meaning. At other times she would say, I will die; I will die once to live for ever. One dear friend, Mrs. T——, came to see her, (she lay on a bed in the parlour;) upon her saying, Can you leave all these pretty things to go

to heaven? She replied, Yes; and your aunt Harriet? Yes, she replied.—And what do you want to go to heaven for? That I may love God better. Several texts of Scripture, which she had learned, she would repeat with pleasure; and when she was so ill that she could not repeat them, would be delighted to hear them, particularly that in Psalm xvi. 11.—“In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.” That, she would say, is my text. In prayer, if I mentioned any text of Scripture which she was acquainted with, she would repeat it to me afterwards; which was a convincing proof that she attended to the things that were spoken. We had family prayer in her room every night but one, when she was so ill that we thought it would fatigue her too much. The next morning she said to me, Grandmamma prayed in another room, because she is ill. But do you wish family prayer to be always in your room? she replied, Yes. She asked me one day what God would say to her when she came to heaven? I told her he would say, “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.” At another time, when I was talking to her about Jesus Christ, she cried out,

He is God. I cannot express the joy I felt to hear the divinity of Christ proclaimed out of the mouth of this babe: it put me in mind of the children who cried out, "Hosanna to the Son of David." A morning or two before her death, when she was in great pain, I asked her, if she would go to heaven? she said, Yes; now, now, with impatience. I told her, she must be willing to wait God's time, for he was able to give her ease, or patience to bear her pain. I prayed with her, which seemed to calm and compose her mind, so that she fell into a sweet sleep, for she had but little sleep for the last fortnight, except what was procured by opiates.

"When she was dying, as she lay in my lap, she put her hand on her breast, Oh! I have such a pain here! yes, by-and-by, one more pain. In a short time after, she went into a sleep, from which she never awoke. She went off, about three hours after, without a groan; she only made one slight struggle, and died with her hand in mine. Oh! how sweet did death then appear to me! no gloom, no horror! I felt a pleasurable pain in parting: my imagination followed her spirit in its flight to the realms of everlasting bliss. When alone, for many days together, I had joys



and consolations, which the world knows nothing of. She was the child of my affections, yet the joy that I felt at her happiness overbalanced the parting for a time. Since then I have felt much, and do to this day. May you, my dear sister, if it be the Lord's will, never experience the loss of children; I know your great delight will be in leading their tender minds to God. That the Almighty may own and bless your labours, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate sister,

“H. N.”

## MEMOIR OF JANE DYER.

JANE DYER was born on the 18th of April, 1800, at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. Although an only child, the situation of her parents put it out of their power to give her such an education as their affectionate solicitude prompted them to wish for her ; but this defect was, after a while, providentially, and most amply made up. God knows our necessities ; and when the supplying them will be for our good, he knows what means to use ; for the heavens, and the earth, and all things are his ; and he has said, " No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." At seven years of age, little Jane was taken by an aunt who kept a school at Chelsea ; and here she enjoyed not only the advantage of having her mind cultivated, but the important subject of re-

ligion was pressed on her attention. She was taught that she had a soul; that earth was not her home; that there is a heaven, to which *time* is only a path, and a very short one too: and *there* Jane is now rejoicing, that by the straitened circumstances of her parents, by which she was cast into a pious circle; and for the spiritual instructions of her aunt, and her aunt's friend, who wrote the annexed lines. To the *affectionate* admonitions of both, Jane appears to have been indebted for her first religious views. Ye friends of youth, never be weary in *kindly* addressing the affections, the hearts of those young ones to whom you have access. The means are ours, the end is with Omnipotence: we know not which effort God may bless; but we know, that great will be our joy, if made an instrument of saving one of these precious ones!

She began her song of praise while on a bed of extreme suffering; and now, that her pains are left behind, and her joys complete, her song is "more sweet, more loud."

After about two years had been spent at Chelsea, Jane was seized with a pain in the knee,

accompanied with an inflammation. The kind attentions of her aunt were exerted, and medical advice resorted to, but in vain; the die was cast; death had received its commission—dire symptoms of scrofula were encreasing. The mother was anxious to have her child with her, and she returned to Trowbridge, February, 1811, with strong desires to sow in the hearts of her parents, some of that good seed, there was reason to hope, the Spirit of God had graciously planted in her own. The word of God declares, “by their fruits ye shall know them;” and some of the fruits this dear child was enabled to produce, to the glory of God, and to the admiration of beholders, were, submission to the will of her heavenly Father; patience in extreme weakness, and under excruciating pain; with a constant watching against, and mourning over, a natural irritability of temper; gratitude to God and man for every kindness bestowed; and an anxious solicitude for the salvation of all, especially for her parents, to whom she manifested an affectionate obedience; a very tender conscience, “The slightest touch of sin to feel;” and, near the close, steady faith in Jesus.

Those who know the nature of the disorder

with which this poor sufferer was exercised, and which absolutely drained her life away, will be aware, that strong must be that grace, which could cause her to rejoice in her sufferings, and to be willing to continue in them even when heaven appeared her own! She knew there was a prize, and that it was ensured to her; that her "Light afflictions, (her own quotation,) were working out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

These sufferings, she felt, were sanctified to her; that in mercy they were permitted. She was much pleased with the visits of the truly pious, to whom she could communicate her experience, and from whose conversation and prayers, were derived great encouragement in seasons of darkness, and on some occasions, when sorely attacked by the enemy of souls, happy deliverance. At one time, when in great distress of mind, she had solicited the presence of a Christian friend, whose conversation being blessed to her, she observed, "Blessed are they who endure temptation; for when they are tried, they shall receive a crown of life." After this time her joy was unclouded, and she was patiently waiting dismissal; she had endured strong conflicts

with the powers of darkness ; her temptations to doubt, and to fear, were great : and she sometimes feared there was no pardon, no heaven for her ; but she came off more than conqueror, because greater was He, to whom she had fled for refuge, than all that were against her : her victory was manifest : her expressions of it wonderful for such a child. The recording of them was not thought of, so that they are mostly forgotten. The bed, to which the invalid was confined nearly nine months, was strewn with pious authors, her room was a sanctuary, more especially on Sabbath days ; her young companions in a similar situation of life, from the Sunday school, frequently held a prayer-meeting there, when they together rejoiced in what God had done for their souls. At one of these meetings she exclaimed, " This is like heaven, it makes me forget my pain !" Sometimes she would appear very happy, and on being asked the cause of it, would reply, that such sweet consoling portions of scripture occurred to her mind, as delighted her soul ; and amongst others mentioned, " Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee, &c." Books were her delight ; but

the Bible was her treasure book ! To a friend who called on her she remarked, what a mercy it was, that she wanted for nothing, adding, " It is true there are things I should like, that I have not : but all my *real wants* are supplied ; how good the Lord is ! " When any thing was given her mother for her, she would say, " Mother, thank God for it ; he put it into the hearts of friends to give it. " To a young man who lived in the house, who was about changing his situation in life, she gave the following charge, " Let me entreat you to begin the world with prayer, without which, be assured, nothing will prosper, " and solemnly continued, " I beg of you to prepare to meet me in heaven ; I shall be there, and it will be an awful thing for me to see you turned off to the left hand ! But (as if recollecting herself,) I shall not be sorry *then* ; for there is no sorrow in heaven. " Her advice on some occasions, delivered as it was with peculiar energy and seriousness, appeared to make strong impression : may the impression be abiding and effectual towards the end designed !—Jane requested a funeral sermon might be preached, (from " Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, " &c.) observing, " It


will do me no good, but I wish it for the sake of others; some young people may be present, who may die as young as myself."

On December 15, 1811, this happy child, with placid serenity, sunk into the arms of her Saviour, to realize to the full that bliss she had been anticipating, and which she had begun to enjoy. Religion has pleasures which the happiest worldling might envy; but alas, the sinner knows nothing of those delights that enable the possessor to bear, even to enjoy—painful sufferings! which have sent the martyr smiling to the stake, and when burning there, have afforded such consolation, as to make him almost forget the flames that were consuming him!

And now, ye readers of this, who have the privilege of perusing obituaries of pious children, suffer me to arrest your attention awhile with a solemn thought. You too, each one of you, must die!—Unless you repent, and forsake your sins; except you find pardon and salvation through a Redeemer:—you must die eternally! Die? No, verily, you must live in eternal torments! Oh, my dear young friends, think for a moment—who can endure endless misery? The worm that dieth not, the fire that is never, (not



for one sleeping second), no, never quenched ! And who can deliver from these torments ? Not friends, however near and dear ; not wishes, however fervent ; not prayers, however sincere ; no, all these pleaders will be vain, when you are once consigned to that place of woe ! Oh, listen to the voice of God while he warns you " To flee from the wrath to come." Hear the invitation of the compassionate Saviour, " Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." " Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," &c. Hear the advice, the tears, the prayers, of those dear friends who love you, and cannot bear the idea of enjoying heaven without you ! Harken to the voice of a stranger, who loves your souls ; one who wants you made lovely, and happy here, by the religion of Jesus, and who will rejoice to meet you in heaven, a numerous, glorious, band . Think how brittle is the thread of life ; have not some of your lively, thoughtless companions been snatched away unexpectedly, without warning ? Not a day, not an hour, not a moment are you safe, till your hearts are changed ; then, when the sting of death is removed, oh, how will every comfort, every enjoyment of life be heightened ! For then



every day will be only bringing you nearer to the bliss of heaven ! I have heard awful accounts of young people, hurried away while in the actual commission of sin : alas, there can be no refuge to which they can fly ! The rocks and the hills will not hide them ! No, God will see, will judge, will consign them—Ah, whither ?

S. B.

*Trowbridge.*

---

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF JANE DYER.

COME, dearest children, sit by me,  
Your sportive gambols leave ;  
I'll tell you of your little friend,  
She sleeps in yonder grave.

Her parents lov'd her tenderly,  
And she lov'd them the same ;  
You see, my dears, I've five of you ;  
They'd only little Jane.

The rose play'd sweetly on her cheek,  
Life sparkled in her eye ;  
And long they hop'd to see her bloom,  
But little Jane must die.

She was a simple little maid,  
So healthy, fresh, and fair,  
And fond of toys, and pleas'd with sport,  
As other children are.

And oft when school and task was done,  
And you had leave to play,  
She'd join you in your cheerful sports,  
In summer evening gay.

And round the social fire side  
In winter's lengthen'd eve,  
You'd dress your pretty dolls so neat  
Or read, or chat, at ease.

And when disease had seiz'd her frame,  
And church was far away,  
She'd meet us on the Sabbath eve  
To read, and sing, and pray.

Frequent we told the little maid  
That prayer must be her own ;  
She'd, weeping, say, she often pray'd  
When she was all alone.

We often sat in sweet converse,  
Of Jesu's dying love ;  
And told of little children gone  
To live with him above.

You'd next repeat the sacred text,  
Then sing the favourite hymn,  
And seek by prayer that sovereign grace  
Which saves the soul from sin.

Daily we saw her health decline,  
And life wear fast away ;  
For many months in pain extreme  
The little sufferer lay.

Her Bible, now her chief delight,  
Lay constant by her side ;  
And oft she thought and spake of him  
Who loved, who wept, and died !

Often the little pious band  
Would meet around her bed ;  
And join in humble, simple prayer,  
To their exalted Head.

While Jesus kindly look'd and smil'd,  
With sympathetic glow  
Through every bosom sweetly ran ;  
'Twas heaven begun below.

Her tender soul was oft distress'd,  
She wept for those she loved ;  
She long'd to see them happy here,  
And dwell with her above.

And down her aged parents' cheeks  
Ran many a silent tear,  
To hear their child's sincere requests,  
To mind, and meet her there.

In yonder heaven, she'd frequent say,  
I cannot weep for you ;  
There peace and pleasure ever bloom,  
And joys unwithering grow.

With grateful heart she'd often speak  
Of kindnesses receiv'd ;  
And much her tender spirit mourn'd  
If any one she griev'd.

And many an hour, and many a day,  
Though sore distress'd with pains,  
She'd in her little chamber sing  
In sweet melodious strains.

The tempter oft in malice tried  
To shake her hopes of heaven,  
And told her sins so great as her's  
Could never be forgiven.

'Twas then the power of prayer prevail'd,  
And set her spirit free :  
With tears of holy joy she cry'd,  
My Jesus died for me.

Thanks to the Lamb that once was slain ;  
Through him we victory have \*  
O'er all the powers of sin and death,  
And terrors of the grave.

Jesus, sweet Jesus, fetch my soul  
Up to the courts above ;  
I long to see thy smiling face,  
And sing thy bleeding love.

In calm composure, holy peace,  
For many days she lay ;  
At length, as though she fell asleep,  
She breath'd her soul away.

\* The passage she chose for her funeral sermon.

Kind angels waited to convey  
Her gentle spirit home,  
To realms of bliss, where Jesus reigns,  
And place her near his throne.

There in sweet harmony divine,  
She tunes her joyful lay ;  
Redeeming love is all her theme,  
Through one eternal day.

*Chichea.*

E. M.

## SAMUEL FAY,

OF LITTLE BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE, LONDON;

*Died June 17, 1808; aged ten Years and seven Months.*

THIS boy presents us with another proof to the many with which we are furnished, that advancement in piety is often commensurate with great progress in learning. Great seriousness in religion will always lead to great diligence in the pursuit of our necessary studies, and of our proper callings. It pleased God very early to affect the mind of this amiable boy with a sense of religion, and to dispose him to attend to secret prayer. When about four and a half years old, his father being ill, he was seen by his parents, without his observing them, kneeling on the bed and saying, "Pray God make my dear Father better:" when he got up, he came to the bed-side, and asked him how he was; being told he was better, he said, "I thought you would, for I prayed for you." He was early and frequently afflicted, and his affliction was much blessed to him, in

producing thoughtfulness, and enquiries about eternal things, which increased with his years. But though he was attentive to religious instruction, and evidently advancing in acquaintance with divine things, yet he was reserved in communicating what he knew and felt of these things, though on other subjects he was quite free and open.

Much, however, as his soul was occupied with the great and momentous realities of an eternal world, and anxiously as he sought a due preparation for it, he forgot not the necessity, which was imposed upon him, to cultivate his mind and acquire useful knowledge. His advancement in learning was considerable, but he was solicitous fully to understand one branch of education before he proceeded to another. If children rove about from one book to another, and satisfy themselves with a cursory glance at different subjects, they will never master any difficulties, or fully acquire any kind or degree of knowledge. Perseverance is absolutely necessary, in every thing we undertake, in order to obtain success. It is necessary in any thing we determine to study, it is necessary in our worldly affairs; and young Samuel found this disposition, with which he was



remarkably endowed, extremely useful to him in his spiritual concerns. He would often inquire, with much earnestness, the meaning of different passages of scripture, and was not satisfied without understanding what he heard and read on these subjects. He remarked that he could not mention any particular time when a work of grace began in his soul ; but that he had found religious instruction, by conversation, preaching, and reading, had been blessed to him in a gradual way. — He often suffered much pain, arising from the nature of his complaint, which was an enlargement of the heart, and which adhered to his side. His natural disposition was lively and impatient ; hence he was frequently praying, and requesting others to pray for patience and entire submission to the will of God ; and God was pleased remarkably to answer prayer, by enabling him to bear long confinement and pain, in a manner that often comforted his comforters, and encouraged many to trust in the mighty God of Jacob. — For the last seven months he was almost wholly confined at home, and unable to attend public worship, which he longed to do ; but he resigned himself into the hands of God, became gradually less reserved, and would con-

verse freely about the state of his soul. He said he considered it a great mercy to have had religious parents, though he had sometimes thought them too strict, but now he saw it was all for his real good. He remarked that he could say, it was good for him to be afflicted, and that he had learnt more by it than he could have known in health.

The Bible was the book which he most highly valued, having found it early sanctified to his good. Dr. Watts's Hymns, the Pilgrim's Progress, with notes by the Rev. Mr. Burder, and the Youth's Magazine, were likewise much blessed to him. When his illness prevented him from reading, he would say, what a mercy it was he could recollect what he had read and learnt. He had early committed to memory the following Hymn of Dr. Watts, and enquired the meaning of the different verses.

Go worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet !  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;  
Nature to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he compared to wine or bread ?  
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;  
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

Is he a tree ? the world receives  
Salvation from his healing leaves :  
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
Is David's root and offspring too.

Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields  
Such fragrancy in all her fields :  
Or if the lily he assume,  
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is he a vine ? His heavenly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ the living vine !

Is he a head ? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital pow'r he gives :  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death ;  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross,  
But the true gold sustains no loss :  
Like a refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.

Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !  
The Rock of Ages never moves ;  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,  
Attend us all the desert thro'.

Is he a way ? He leads to God :  
The path is drawn in lines of blood :  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;  
Behold the pastures large and green ;  
A paradise divinely fair,  
None but the sheep have freedom there.

Is he design'd a corner stone,  
For men to build their heaven upon ?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is he a temple ? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r,  
And still to this most holy place  
Whene'er I pray I'll turn my face.

Is he a star ? He the night  
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning star.

Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness ;  
Nations rejoice when he appears,  
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

O let me climb these higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise ;  
Here he displays his powers abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

Not earth nor seas, nor sun nor stars,  
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears ;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

He repeated them one day to a friend, applying many of them to himself ; for example, he remarked, " If Christ had not been a fountain, how could I have been washed from my sins ? If he had not been the way, I could not have got to heaven ; but by him I can go safely. If he had not been the star from on high, how could my benighted soul have been enlightened ? He was very anxious to know if he had true faith, that he might not be deceived. Several passages on the subject were read to him at different times, and explained ; he was satisfied, and said, " I know I have it ; it is indeed the substance of things hoped for."—Sometimes, when his pain was violent, he would silence himself by saying, " What are my sufferings, to what Christ suffered for me ?"—

About three months before his decease, his


disorder was pronounced to be incurable. This was communicated to him : he received the information with attention and composure, and said, "Then God will take me to heaven." Observing his parents affected, he said, "Don't grieve, you know I am but lent, and I must be returned, some time or other." He now appeared to expect his departure, and prayed that God would prepare him for it. By the direction of the Doctor, and at his own particular request, he was removed into the country for a short time. Upon that occasion he observed, "I know that nothing is impossible with God, and I wish to try the means ; if I live, I hope it will to his glory, and the comfort of my parents. I wish to do what he thinks best ; if he takes me away, I know it will be from a world full of trials and sins, and I believe he will take me to himself."—In one of his letters to his parents, (written in short hand,) he says, "I hope you are comfortable, my mind is easy, and that is a great mercy : we are but mortals of a day : it is a blessed thing that Christ came into the world to save all who believe in him, and it is a blessing to have such a Saviour to go to at all times, without money ; his grace is enough for us ; pray for me, I pray for you."

Speaking of the Lord's goodness to him, he said, "The last night I was enabled to trust in the Lord, and give up myself to him, hoping that if I had no sleep in the night, I might have some in the morning, and if not, some the next day." He said many of his sleepless nights were very comfortable, from the presence of God and enjoyment of the promises. Though he was generally comfortable in his mind, he had seasons of darkness and doubt; he sometimes compared himself to Feeble-mind, the pilgrim, a fearful follower of the Lamb of God. A few weeks before his death he was much harassed with temptations to profane the name of God, which made him very unhappy, and led him to earnest prayer for help, by which the temptation was removed, and his peace restored.—As his complaint, (which ended in a droopy,) increased, he appeared to take his leave of the world. He desired his books and things for amusement to be brought to him, when he distributed them among his young friends, who surrounded his bed, addressed them severally and affectionately, earnestly requesting them to attend to the concerns of eternity, that they might meet him in glory. Putting his Bible into his brother's hands, he said, "There, I

give you that Bible ; it as an old one, but it is a precious one, it has been a great blessing to me ; the comfort I now feel I got from that book : I am going to heaven, and there it was I learnt the way ; study it, and treasure up those things in your mind ; remember they are the words of a dying brother. May this book make you happy on your dying bed. I am going, do you try to supply my place, obey your father and mother, and do every thing to make them happy as long as you live. Love Ministers, they are God's servants : I love them dearly. See how a Christian can die, and I am but a young one ; I am on a dying bed, but I am as easy as on a bed of roses ; I am a sinner, but Christ has washed me clean, and he is going to give me a crown and robe of righteousness ; I am going to have more than the mines of Mexico, or the golden Indies." Giving another young relative a Bible, he said, " There's a Bible for you ; pray for a blessing on it ; don't part with it if you want bread, for there is the bread of life, and it will support you when every thing else will fail ; it has supported me in the midst of all my afflictions. It is a good chart, make it your guide, and it will carry you clear off all the rocks and quicksands you may meet



with, and will land you safely on the heavenly shore. Seek the Lord while you are young ; you cannot enjoy life, unless you are fit to die. Remember there is great encouragement for you, Christ says, " Suffer little children to come unto me ;" you see God can give his grace to a child, as well as to a man. Take care of bad company, it leads to ruin ; choose the company of those who fear God. You see he takes the young as well as the old. I am younger than you, and your turn must come. Don't neglect religion, it will be a shocking thing, and will cut you to the heart to reflect, at the last, that you might have been saved, but would not. You know you have relations in heaven, and I charge you to meet me there." It pleased God to continue him much longer than was expected, which afforded him the opportunity of seeing many Christian friends, who were witnesses of what God had done for his soul. One asking him the ground of his hope, he answered, " on Christ alone ; I know I am guilty, but I know he can save me, and I believe he will ; I desire to go to him as a poor sinner." Another asking him what he should pray for, he replied, " that God would give me ease and patience, and fit me for



my departure ;" but immediately said, " Indeed I am fit, bless and praise him for making me so."— A friend asked, " can you trust in Christ as a Saviour, and believe he died to save you?" He replied, " Yes, that he will, because he loves sinners." A minister having asked him how he knew Christ was his Saviour; he answered, " Because he says, him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out; and I have come to him." A friend who prayed with him asked him, " if he was afraid of death? observing that most people are afraid to die;" He replied, " Jesus can make a dying bed soft." To the question, " Do you love Jesus?" he answered, " Yes." Being asked, " why do you love him?" he replied, " Because he purchased my soul, and has provided heaven for me." One speaking of eternal life, he observed, " Ah, what is eternal death, and eternal darkness?" He was very thankful for all the kind attentions and visits of his Christian friends, and as his end approached, he took an affectionate leave of them, and spoke of meeting them again in glory, with the same certainty and composure as one speaks of meeting a friend in a short time in another place. Being asked, " if the tempter assaulted him," he said,

"No, and I think it a great mercy that he has been kept from me so much ; I have found him attacking me many a time, but not lately." On repeating the 57th hymn of Dr. Watts, he said, " Ah, no one knows the joy of pardoned sin but those who feel it: I do feel it. I am happy, so happy, I cannot express what I feel. I am quite ready. Now God is going to take me to himself; Christ has paid my debt, all my debt, a great load; I was unable to pay any, but he died for me, yes for my soul. Don't grieve, the Lord is good and mighty; he will never leave nor forsake those who trust him.—

" Precious Bible, what a treasure  
Does the word of God afford ;  
All I want for life and pleasure,  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword."

I have no doubts, no fears now ; no, all are gone ; I have sown in tears, but I shall reap in joy ; I am ready ; I am going to sing praises to God and the Lamb for ever, for he is worthy.

" Worthy the Lamb, that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply.  
For he was slain for us."

Another time, speaking of Christ's ascending to heaven, he said, "And there I am going to be with him ; there I shall lean on his bosom, as the beloved John did ; there I shall see as I am seen, and know as I am known ; there I shall worship as I ought, and praise as I ought ; now I see through a glass darkly, but then (what an unspeakable mercy) face to face." A minister visiting him, when in great pain and much in want of sleep, he requested him to pray for sleep and ease ; but his pain increasing, after he left him, he prayed aloud himself, " O Lord, give patience : oh for faith ! oh for sleep ! oh give me ease, or take me to thyself this night ! Why are thy chariot wheels so long a coming ? Come friendly death, and release me." His father saying, I hope you will be enabled to submit to the will of God, he instantly replied, " Oh, yes, his will be done ; it is a blessed will ; it is a blessed will ; it is very painful ; I don't understand it now, but I soon shall." He was indulged with comfortable ease and sleep that night : the next morning he was very thankful, and said, " Well, we see God hears and answers prayer ; and I am a proof of it." By his desire the 43d Hymn of Dr. Watts was sung, in which he joined with

1

much energy : indeed, considering his strength, it was often surprising how firmly he uttered the things here related. He had written the 550th Hymn of Dr. Rippon's selection—

“ Ah ! I shall soon be dying.”

He desired it to be brought to him, when he read it with much satisfaction, and observed it as his happy experience. His mother saying, we never see you cry now, though your friends are weeping around you, he said, “ Oh, no ; I have done with tears ; Christ has done much for me ; I have nothing to do but to rejoice and praise.” She asked him if he felt any dread at the thought of being confined to the grave ? he immediately replied, “ No ; none at all.

“ Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.”

Is not Christ risen, and become the first fruits of them that sleep in Jesus ? I know I must die to be with him ; and I am thankful I am made willing, for the sting of death is past. God will give me the victory, and I shall soon cast anchor in the haven of eternal rest. I will rejoice in him

in this world, and go to praise him without end in a better ; and you will soon come to me : a little time, and we shall meet where parting shall be no more." On the day of his departure, he was so exhausted as to be able to say very little : he was fully sensible his dissolution was fast approaching, but he was quite comfortable, and enjoyed those parts of the word of God which were read to him. Being asked, if he found Christ and the promises precious ? he replied, "Very precious : " he added, " I am now so weak I cannot speak much, but I am happy." He remained perfectly composed, till his immortal spirit departed to the regions of eternal day, without a struggle or groan. Thus died a truly religious and affectionate child ; a happy and decisive proof of the efficacy of that grace which can perfect praise out of the mouth of babes and sucklings.

## Doctry.

---

### LINES WRITTEN BY A MOTHER.

*"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."*

---

J. W. was taken to early rest on Tuesday, Oct. 1st, 1820,  
Aged two years and eight days.

*"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;  
blessed be the name of the Lord."*

Hz's gone.—I watch'd the near approach of death,  
I sadly mark'd the last faint lingering breath.  
He's pale and cold—he smiles, he hears no more,  
His little earthly joys and pains are o'er ;  
His mother's tears drop warmly on his face,  
He feels them not, nor heeds her fond embrace.  
'Tis vain to call my darling, vain to weep,  
Nought can awake him from his long, long sleep ;  
My bosom oft sustain'd his drooping head,  
But cold and dreary must now be his bed ;  
No more with gentle voice his accents fall,  
His own mamma's beloved name to call.

Can nothing now relieve my aching heart ?  
No balm to heal the deep corroding smart ?  
Oh yes ! while nature weeps o'er lifeless clay,  
Faith points to regions of eternal day ;  
A mother's feelings wring the parting sigh,  
But hope looks up, and soars beyond the sky.  
Maternal love exclaims, " Alas ! my son,"  
But grace replies, " Oh Lord, thy will be done."  
Freed from a body, oft with pain distressed,  
He dwells above, in everlasting rest.  
No sin, no sorrow, now shall weigh him down ;  
Without the conflict, he has gain'd the crown.  
Hush then regret, each murmur'ing thought be still,  
And bow submissive to his sovereign will ;  
Who, tho' he strike, in mercy sheaths the rod,  
And shows himself, an ever-present God.  
Farewell my babe ! I soon shall follow thee,  
But thou, alas ! shalt ne'er return to me—  
A long farewell—till the last trumpet's sound  
Shall wake thy slumb'ring ashes from the ground.  
Then may we meet, with all the ransom'd throng,  
And praise Immanuel's love, in endless song.



## EPITAPH ON FREDERICK AUGUSTUS W

AGED EIGHT YEARS,

*In Charlcomb Church Yard, near Bath.*

---

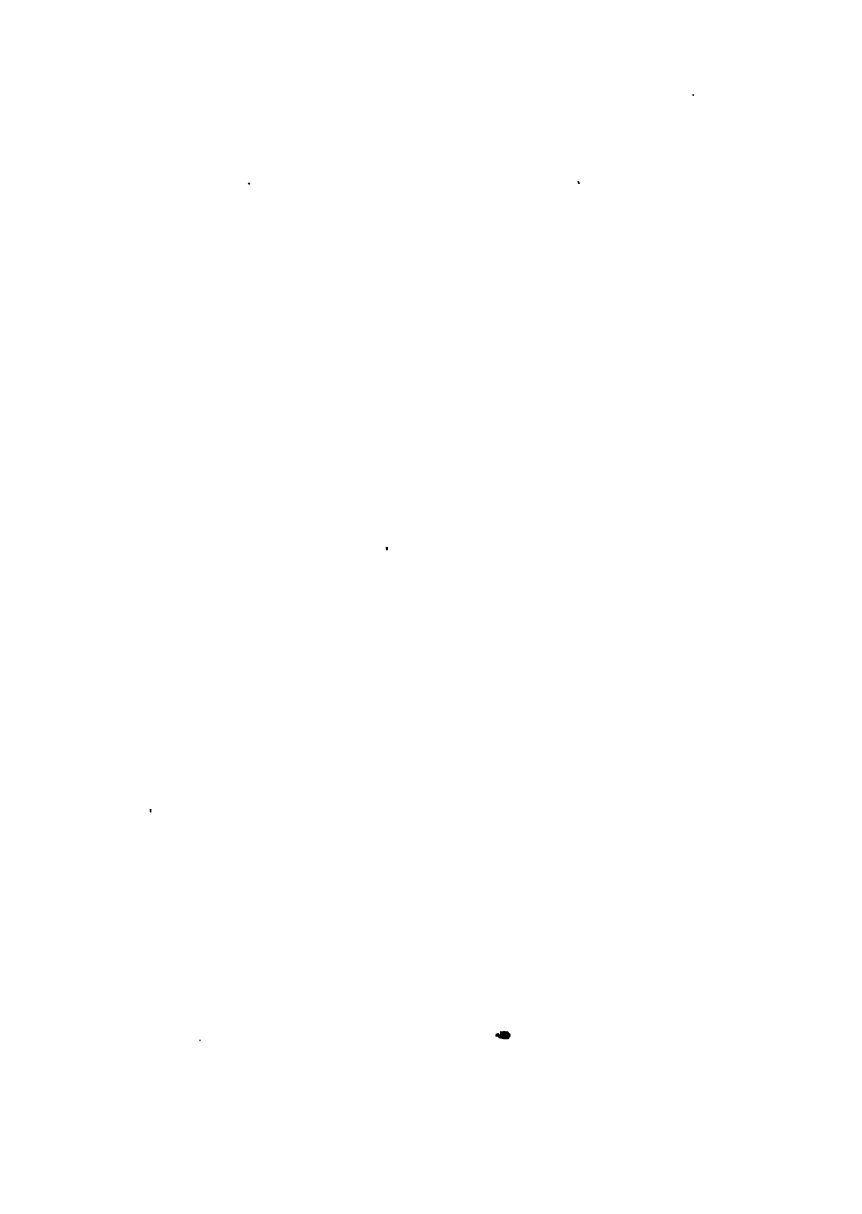
OH, is this all ? Has hope but spoken  
So sweetly in the parents' ear ;  
To make them weep her promise broken,  
And seek the perish'd record here.

Oh, why did nature then bestow  
Her loveliest tints to deck our blossom,  
E'en while death aim'd the fatal blow,  
Which laid it low in earth's cold bosom.

Parents rejoice ; for love sublime,  
From earthly stem, your plant has risen  
To ripen in a brighter clime,  
And deck the glorious fields of heaven.

---

DENNETT, PRINTER,  
*Leather Lane, London.*







# LATELY PUBLISHED BY J. NISBET.

|                                   | s. d. |                                 | s. d. |
|-----------------------------------|-------|---------------------------------|-------|
| The Bazaradee, weekly             | 0 1   | The Farmer's Daughter           | 0 10  |
| Scotch School Repository, 14 Pts. | 0 1   | Nannie and Anne                 | 1 0   |
| Cook's Child's Monitor            | 0 1   | Janey Allen, the Lame Girl      | 1 0   |
| Scotch School Boy, 8 parts        | 0 1   | History of Thomas Smith         | 1 0   |
| Child's Repository                | 0 1   | Lightfoot's Short Prayers (bd.) | 1 0   |
| The Child's Birth Day             | 0 1   | Mason's History of Jesus        | 1 0   |
| The Year's Repository             | 0 1   | Janeway's Tokens for Children   | 1 0   |
| Malan's Sunday School Child       | 0 1   | The Life of Mr. James Meikle    | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Bowyer Smith            | 0 2   | History of Grace Snodgrass      | 1 0   |
| Mother's Affection as Address     | 0 2   | Campbell's Voyages of a Bible   | 1 0   |
| The Little Image-Venders          | 0 2   | Nutt's Sermons for Children     | 1 0   |
| The Bible Housewifery             | 0 2   | Nicolson, by Professor Franck   | 1 0   |
| Advice to Young Christians        | 0 2   | Pastoral Narratives             | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Miss P. Board           | 0 2   | Mason's Pocket Companion        | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Jane Dyer               | 0 2   | Malan's Swiss Tracts            | 1 0   |
| The Highland Girl                 | 0 2   | The Triumphs of Truth           | 1 0   |
| Malan's Little Gleaners Boys      | 0 2   | Eight Memoirs of Remarkable     |       |
| The Little Maid                   | 0 2   | Children, Vol. 1.               | 1 0   |
| The Legion Cast Out               | 0 2   | Idem, Vol. 2.                   | 1 0   |
| The Canaanish Mother              | 0 2   | Campbell's Walks of Usefulness  | 1 0   |
| Master's Remembrance              | 0 2   | Memoirs of Capt. James Neil     | 1 0   |
| The Christian Warfare             | 0 2   | Memoirs of Rev. T. Gordon       | 1 0   |
| The Christian Guest               | 0 2   | Baxter's Call (new edit.) bd.   | 1 0   |
| The Two Old Men of a Village      | 0 2   | Idem Douglas, a simple Story    | 1 0   |
| The Woman of Valais               | 0 2   | The Catechist. By the same      | 1 0   |
| The Mountain Females              | 0 2   | Memoirs of Mrs. Thom            | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Rev. John C. Ross       | 0 4   | Dunbridge's Rise & Progress     | 1 0   |
| Memoir of M. H. Huntington        | 0 4   | Malan's Swiss Tracts, in French | 1 0   |
| A Choice Drop of Honey            | 0 4   | Scott's Essays, 12mo. boards    | 1 0   |
| Prophecies relating to Christ     | 0 4   | Idem, 2nd edition               | 1 0   |
| The Adult School, 12th Part       | 0 4   | Harriet and her Cousin          | 1 0   |
| My Ann. By Alice                  | 0 4   | The Decision                    | 1 0   |
| Little Ann. By Alice              | 0 4   | Memoirs of Mrs. Newell          | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Ebenezer Brown          | 0 4   | Select Biography, or Memoirs    |       |
| Edinburgh Selection of Hymns      | 0 4   | of Pious Females                | 1 0   |
| Malan's Sermon on the             |       | The History of Joseph. By the   |       |
| Crucifixion of Christ             | 1 0   | Author of Scripture Stories     | 1 0   |
| A Word for the Heathen            | 0 6   | The History of Moses, by Idem   | 1 0   |
| Malan's Poor Workman              | 0 6   | Scripture Stories (4th edit)    |       |
| The Great Salvation               | 0 6   | Idem, boards                    | 1 0   |
| The Good Shepherd                 | 0 6   | Pierre and his Family           | 1 0   |
| The Soldier's Daughter            | 0 6   | Adelaide Murray                 | 1 0   |
| The Bible Association             | 0 6   | The Village Observer, 2 vols.   | 1 0   |
| The Sabbath School Boy            | 0 6   | May's Lectures to the Young     | 1 0   |
| The Morning Vision                | 0 6   | Sequel to Pleasures of Religion | 1 0   |
| The New Day Vision                | 0 6   | Abode of Wisdom                 | 1 0   |
| The Contrast, or Fair & Holiday   | 0 6   | Labourers in the East           | 1 0   |
| Harvard's Indians                 | 0 6   | Walks in the Country            | 1 0   |
| The Teacher's Wife, By Alice      | 0 6   | Profession is not Principle     | 1 0   |
| The Cottage Girl. By Alice        | 0 6   | Village Church Year, 2 vols.    | 1 0   |
| Poor Harriet. By Alice            | 0 6   | Memoirs of Mrs. Joanna Tur-     |       |
| Farmer & School School Boy        | 0 6   | ney, 12mo. boards               | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Miss Davidson           | 0 6   | The Prospect, 12mo. edit. 12mo. | 1 0   |
| Memoir of Henry's Landlady        | 0 6   | National Banns. By Alice,       |       |
| Hacker's Jewish Lawgiver          | 0 6   | (4th edit.) 12mo. boards        | 1 0   |
| The Cottage's Wife                | 0 6   | Theological Terms               | 1 0   |
| Richmond Young Cottage            | 0 6   | Dr. Chalmers's Christian and    |       |
| The Day of William Gibbons        | 0 6   | Civic Economy, Quarterly        | 1 0   |